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THE
WORKS
OF THE LATE
AARON HILL, Esq;
IN FOUR VOLUMES.
CONSISTING OF
LETTERS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,
AND OF
ORIGINAL POEMS, Moral and Facetious.
WITH AN
ESSAY on the ART of ACTING.

VOL. I.

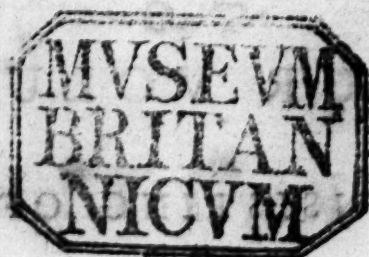
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W O R K S

OF THE LATE

AARON HILL



LETTERS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

AND OF

ORIGINAL POEMS, METERS, AND LACONICS

WITH AN

ESSAY ON THE ART OF ACTING

THE GREAT BRITISH

VOLUME I

LONDON

Printed for the Society of the Friends of the Arts

in the Strand



TO

Her Royal Highness

THE

Princess Dowager of WALES.

PARDON, Great PRINCESS, that
unknown, I dare
Attempt to reach you, with this private
Prayer :

A 2

Prayer

Prayer is our Comfort, when to Heaven
we sue ;

And only that can be my Plea to You !

You, most lov'd PRINCESS, who from
Heaven possess,

Alike, the Godlike Power and Will, to
bless,

Can mark, with kind Regard, the Mour-
ner's Cry,

And smile the heart fed Tear from Sor-
row's eye.

Prompted by Hope, and yet repuls'd by
Fear,

The *Widow* and the *Orphan* court your
Ear ;

Who,

DEDICATION. v

Who, while a living *Father* blest her
Days,

Was taught by him, to feel such *Virtue's*
Praise.

Oft was he honour'd, and his Lays ap-
prov'd,

By HIM, your gentle Heart so Nobly
lov'd —

And O! forgive me, that, in lowly
State,

A Tear of mine presumes to *Speak* your
Fate —

Then, let regardful Silence tell the
rest :

'Tis bold, to rouse a Sigh, in *such* a
Breast !

DEDICATION.

One with indulge : and grant a *Parent's*
Fame

Th' undying Glory of your **R O Y A L**
N A M E.

I am,

With the profoundest Respect and Duty,

M A D A M,

Your Royal Highness's

Devoted and most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

U R A N I A J O H N S O N.

To the READER.

TO THE

READER.

THE Generous Encouragement that has been given to this Subscription, can only be repay'd by the best Acknowledgments of Gratitude, from those whose Service it was intended to promote ; and they see, with the utmost Satisfaction, so many ILLUSTRIOUS NAMES do Honour to a Writer who is no more. — Had he been living, his Works must have been still more deserving of that Patronage, they
are

To the READER.

are here distinguish'd by ; as, in that Case, they would have received, the Advantage of his coolest Correction, before he would have ventured them abroad into the World. — For the Want of this Advantage, every candid, every feeling Reader will make due Allowances ; since what has (in this particular Respect) prejudiced the Satisfaction of the Public, has been a private Family's great and irretrievable Misfortune.

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ORIGINAL LETTERS.

To Lord PETERBOROUGH.

Nov. 10, 1710.

My LORD,



THESE two or three days
endeavours at inclining my
wife to the honour pro-
pos'd me in attending your
Lordship abroad, have
been spent in vain; for she
not only continues positive against it, but
has made her father so strongly on her
side, that he resents my inclination as warm-
ly as his daughter.

OVER and above this, I find myself un-
timely engaged in so many bargains, on ac-
count of the opera, as the Dutchess of

B

Shrews-

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B

Shrews-

Shrewsbury can inform your Lordship, that I want power to withdraw myself from that affair this winter.

I AM so very sorry for my prevention from such an honour and satisfaction, that my concern can only be encreased by the loss of your Lordship's favour, which a secret veneration for your person and unprecedented glories, made me proud of; and I beg your Lordship would impute it to that pride I take in serving you, that I presume to hope, among the offices of trust you shall bestow at home, I may be yet allowed the honour to retain the title of

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most entirely faithful

and obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To the EARL of OXFORD.

April 14, 1714.

MY LORD,

IF it might be forgiven me, in the contemplation of your virtues, to forget your quality, I would venture to declare myself a lover of your Lordship; but, by the distance between us, sincerity itself will look less than it is. I have too much deference to profess my affection, and too little skill to describe my admiration; for tho' I speak no words so gladly as those which endeavour at your praises, yet, I am never so much confounded, as at that time when I labour in vain for language to express what it is not in language to utter.

A LOVER of his country, professing that, does best declare himself your Lordship's admirer. In the very moment you were rescuing a nation from shame, you have raised her to glory. I look up with pleasure at our growing honours, and remembering how many mighty things were lately to be done, am struck dumb with wonder,

that, in so short a time there should be nothing to do.

How proud should I be made by a possibility to be serviceable to your Lordship! yet, how joyfully do I see you above being benefited by my service; but it is the duty of the weakest *Englishman* to contribute the little he can towards lessening *his* burthen who has unloaded the nation. I bring my mite to the treasury with as ardent a devotion as can accompany the richest offerer; and if I draw too blunt a weapon in your Lordship's cause, I put it into a hand which is easily able to give it an edge, if the metal will bear it.

If my impatience for the full meridian of your glory has not blinded me, it will be easy for your Lordship to give birth to a fund, which may (without oppression, or complaint) be capable, in the approaching session, at once to supply as many millions as shall be necessary, and enable the government to remit the land-tax, at least, and be gainers by doing it. As an introduction to which, your Lordship will allow me to presume, that

No

No tax can be *just*, that is not *equal*.

No tax *equal* which affects not every member of the body politic, in a due proportion to the difference of circumstances.

No tax, how *just* and *equal* soever, can be safe, whose influence lies heavy upon trade and manufacture.

WITH these three negative positions in my eye, I have been thinking on a new kind of contribution, *general*, *just*, and *equal*; no way prejudicial to trade, but on the contrary, a great encouragement to it. A fund, which every body joins to raise, and which will, notwithstanding that, be paid insensibly.

It cannot but be welcome to the people, because it will be a much greater advantage to every man, in his private capacity, than his share in the payment can counterbalance.

It will be capable of almost infinite improvement, immediately bring in a revenue of four millions yearly, and add to the national stock of money, at least, four and twenty.

IT differs from all others in this particular, that tho' the charge of collecting will be very great, it is provided for by a means arising within itself, and will occasion no deduction from the revenue it produces.

IT will naturally, and without compulsion, reduce the interest of money to four *per cent.* and raise the purchase of lands proportionably.

I LATELY sent a servant with a seal'd packet, wherein I had submitted an imperfect scheme of the design to your Lordship's judgment; but, the porter pleading orders to receive no parcel from an unknown hand, I am forced to address a single letter, with the inclosed, from whence, when your Lordship shall have leisure to command my attendance, I shall be proud to deliver it with my own hand; an honour I had not proposed to myself, but that it could not reach you as I designed, for I am honestly, and with an unbiassed integrity,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most devoted,

And most obedient Servant,

AARON HILL.

To the EARL of OXFORD.

May 12, 1714.

MY LORD,

IT cannot be the smallest of your troubles to be frequently fatigued by impertinent addressees. Such as mine have long lain under the imputation of self-interestedness and wildness of imagination; but whatever guilt I may incur from the *last* of these two crimes, in the *first*, I am sure, I have nothing to answer for.

THE date of the inclosed will inform your Lordship how long it is, since it was delivered at your door.—I am persuaded it never reached your hands, because I never was informed it did: A condescension your Lordship would, unquestionably, have submitted to, in an affair, which carried such a face of additional benefit to a people, who have already so many blessings to thank you for.

My genius bids me shun a court; I am sincerely humble enough to know myself unqualified for business, and so naturally

devoted to retirement, that preferment would rather rob me of my quiet, than give the least addition to my present happiness. I am so far from aiming at an interest in your favour, that I shall studiously endeavour to avoid every opportunity of giving you reason to suppose it. If therefore your Lordship did not receive the letter, of which the inclosed is a copy, and shall please to give such notice as desired, I will send the scheme, as you direct me, without other hope, than that it may deserve your Lordship's regard and correction; and free from any wish more ardent than that of seeing you as much beyond the power, as you are within the aim, of malice and ingratitude. I am, with the highest veneration,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most Obedient, and

Devoted humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Dr. GEORGE SEWEL, M. D.

Sept. 3, 1720.

S I R,

I AM perfectly pleas'd with the frankness of your spirit, but have half a mind to be angry at the archness of your apology: You exalt me to the dignity of a *South-Sea director*, that you may, thence, take occasion to make a *bubble* of my poetry; yet yourself have much the fairest pretence to the *directorship*, who are so overburden'd with *stock*, that you mix gold with lead, and stake *wit* against *folly*, in a needless apology.

THE Instances, which you have done me the favour to collect, as a *proof*, that my *poem* contradicts the rules of my *preface*; and is guilty of those very faults, it condemns, are either just, or mistaken: If the *first*, I am oblig'd by your correction of my judgment; if the *second*, by the opportunity, you have given me, to do myself justice.

YOUR

YOUR remark on my preface is, I fear, of the second kind; and your mistake must have arisen, from too strict an understanding of the word *constellation*. The compound, you know, means indefinitely the conjunction, or shining out of many stars together; you should not, therefore, have confin'd your idea to any known, or particular constellation, because I expressly say, a *new* constellation.—Now a new constellation may be as large, as one will fancy it. The *milky way* itself, in the most literal sense, is but a continued constellation. The obvious meaning of the metaphor is this—I consider Mr. *Pope*, as a poet, of so general, and extensive a genius, that I look up to him, as to a *new* constellation, wide enough to *cross-spangle* the whole Heaven of poetry, with a milky way of fancy, and breaking out upon our nation, with equal heat, and brightness:--- If you please to review the allusion in this light, I presume, you will discern, that it had been so far from ending better where you would have it end, that it could not have ended at all there, without remaining lame, and imperfect

imperfect, and depriv'd of the whole vigour and spirit of its meaning,

THE third line of the poem must have had the misfortune to be read unattentively, or you would certainly have comprehended.

Begot *existence*, and *bid Being be*.

GOD might have begotten existence more ways than one. The first part of the verse therefore, is *general*, and affirms *what* he did---He begot being: The second part is *particular* and describes how he did it---He *bid* it be; that is, he created at a word. You cannot but remember that *Longinus* has remark'd on this very passage in *Moses's* account of the *Creation*, as an example of the *sublime*---God *said*, let there *be*, and there *was*.

EITHER my judgment deceives me extremely, or your censure of the following line is very ill grounded.

“ For *Darkness* brooding o'er the deep, had motion overlaid.

THE image of *overlaying*, you say, is *mean*, and *low*, in the great work of the creation: Pray *note*, that I use it not at all in the *Creation*, but in the *Chaos*, previous to
it;

it; where it is both metaphorically, and literally true; for in the huddled commixture of atoms, the *lighter* were oppress'd, and kept down by the *weighty*.—I had hopes that my *meaning* in this place would be *clear*, because in the line immediately foregoing that which you have censur'd, I had mark'd as *emphatic*, the words, *thick*, *still*, and *heavy*.

On *one Side*, and on the *left side*, you say, are *both* in the same *stanza*.—I wish, you had explained how that makes a fault:—If by identity of the rhyme, you may observe 'em far asunder, and not meant to rhyme together. And as to the different meanings—The spirit collects the first faint beamings of *light*, and ranges them on the *right* side, and then drives, to his *left*, the curling mounts of *darkness*: After which God passing betwixt both, gives *light* the name of *Day*, and that of *Night* to the *darkness*: So that you see, there was an evident *necessity* for distinguishing the *two sides*; and you would sooner have seen it, if, after your *band* had first put them together, you had not stopt there, but sent out your *spirit* to pass also between them.

WHEN

WHEN the *Creator*, in dividing the waters *above* the firmament, from the waters *below* it, chuses for himself in the verse

“ All *above this*, be *mine*.

I AM forced to dissent from your opinion, that the speech is unbecoming his *dignity*, and resembles a *mortal's* taking possession of a little spot of *earth*; the word *above* is significant, and of importance; *above* the firmament are the very words of *Moses*: *Words*, tho' they are *God's*, must be adapted to our common ideas, of high and low, of measure and distance: It is impossible to write *poetry*, and avoid images of this kind in such a subject, and your censure would fall heavier on *Milton's* celebrated description of *God's golden compasses*, which, with one foot center'd in *Chaos*, and the other sweeping thro' it, describ'd the *circle of the earth*, with the most mathematical exactness. I say nothing to this passage, but that your friend Mr. *Addison* is very large in his praise of it.

THE *rose* and the *lilly*, in the third stanza, I very freely give up to your disposal: You may

may order them to be transplanted to the *cheeks* of the first country *Phillis*, who can kiss you without blushing; but the words, *for ornament*, in the same stanza, I can't part with so easily: They do not only (unless my ear misleads me) add a *majesty* to the sound, but are even *necessary* to the sense also; if I had only said,

“And here and there an *uncloath'd* rock remain'd.

THE word *uncloath'd* might have rais'd an idea of *deficiency*, as if the dress of the earth had been left *unfinished* and *imperfect*; but the interposition of the words *for ornament*, gives a reason, *why* these rocks were left *naked*, that the *wildness* of one part of the prospect, against the *loveliness* of the other, might set them both off by effect of their *variety*.

YOUR objection concerning the word *show* in the fourth stanza, has much more of the *plausible*, than the just; I was very far from aiming, in this place, at any such quaintness, or turn of thought, as you mention. If yon *Earth*, says God, displays such beauties to the *Heavens*, it is fit that the *Heavens* (in their nature more *noble*) should be

be also, more *showy*, more illustrious in appearance; since therefore, *appearance* has the chief place, in the meaning of this passage, I think you are too severe upon poor *show*, to call it *wretchedly trivial*: 'Tis a word of much *emphasis*, and takes it ill at your hands, that you treat it so familiarly.

I agree with you perfectly, in your observation against the use of *profan'd* phrases (as one may call' em) in *serious* poetry: But there is infinite difference between, *so said so done*, (where the air of *burlesque* is manifestly owing to the whimsical repetition of *so*,) and *'twas said and done*; which carries with it a *majesty*, from the force of its *meaning*, and is introduc'd with a serious and solemn air by what immediately foregoes it,

“ The word was God's---'twas *said and done*.

THE *Sun* and the *Moon* are *both* at your service. Pray, take it as a proof of the *respect* I have for you! they are things which a *poet* can very ill part with.

I AM entirely in your sentiment that *thou* sea; would have been better than O sea! though the O is as well imperative, as
preca-

precatory ; I am also of your mind, that no harsh *technical* terms should be introduc'd to roughen *poetry* with the dryness of *philosophy* ; but I am not convinc'd that I have us'd any such in the two stanza's you mention, unless you reckon *sensation* and *germination* of that number, which you cannot well do, because they are *musical* in their *sound*, very easy in their *sense*, and still more explain'd by the *epithets* which I have given them.

I THANK you very heartily for your observation, about the contradictory ideas of *beckoning* and *instinct* : It is so ingenious and distinguishing, that I take pleasure in *waving* whatever might be said in defence of the expression, and abandon it to your mercy.

IF the *Bear* and the *Goat* had not countenances too *ridiculous*, to allow one to be *serious* in their company, I would observe to you, that *position* and *attitude* have in *poetry*, the same effect as in *painting*.—In the picture of a *parliament-house*, it would look a little odd, to place an *Ass* among the *senators*, yet the beast might have his station in some part of the *prospect*, so that the *ludicrous*

dicrous may in some cases be consistent with the *admirable*.

THE three lines of the seventh stanza, which you conceive to be *imperfect* and labouring with a *lowness* of thought, and *weakness* of expression, I cannot give up, because I am of opinion, that they deserve to be defended. The chain of reasoning, in *I find*, cannot *justly* be thought inconsistent with the *divine attributes*, since this manner of expression is made familiar to the mouth of God, by those very scriptures which convey to us our *highest* notions of his *majesty*; nothing is more common than to find him *reasoning, resolving, suspending* his resolution, *repenting, &c.* These are figures of speech, rather suited to the *lowness* of our human conception, than adapted to the operations of the *divine spirit*. As for the word *labour*, which you accuse of diminishing our idea of the *creator*—*He rested from his labour*, is the very expression of the text: Nay, the taking up *six days* in the work, implies a natural necessity of considering it, as a *labour*. It was however, but the labour of his *word*, not his *hand*, as Mr. Milton has made it.

I AM very much oblig'd to you for your compliment, on the thought of collecting the several *dusts*, which men were made of, from all parts of the *earth*; but I assure you I am not beholden for it, to any of the *fathers*: I have learnt indeed so much *pride*, out of some of their writings, that I might have been apt to grow *vain* upon your praise, in the *beginning* of the paragraph, if your provident regard to the duties of *humility*, had not cool'd me again, in the *close* of it.

I AM afraid, I must enter my protest against your observation, concerning a transposition of the four last lines, to make the poem end thus:

“ Be mindful—*he*, who *made* thee, can
destroy!

It would, 'tis true, have left an impression of more *majesty*, or rather *terror*, on the mind of the reader: But every poem, you know, ought to point out some moral; and the line,

And *curb* the haughty *swellings* of thy heart,
being an inference from the former, imprints a very useful and solemn *Instruction*

tion, that we should correct, as much as possible, the impulses of our pride, by reflecting continually on the weakness of our nature, and dependance of our condition.

AND now, Sir, I have gone over every one of your *remarks*, with a *judgment*, which, I am sure, is *impartial*, however it may be *mistaken*. I have only defended, what I could not give up, because injustice, tho' done by us to *ourselves*, is nevertheless *injustice*. It is your *aim*, I dare swear, and *that* of every *honest* man, to feel *truth*, as it is ; without regarding whether its *edge* may cut *for*, or *against* you. I am sincerely oblig'd to you, even for *endeavouring* a detection of my *errors*, and should never place a *value* on the *praise* of that man, whose *capacity* could not *find*, or whose *freedom* not discover the *faults*, I may also be guilty of.

If it ever lies in my power to be of service to your interest, I will give you demonstration, how much your *frankness* has oblig'd,

Sir,

Your most humble

And most obedient Servant.

May 3, 1720.

MADAM,

I WAS so stupied, by sense of your great weight of sorrow, that a week is past, and I have yet no power to reason on the terrible calamity. It would indeed, be an officious insult in good nature to allow itself the privilege of offering insignificant advice, to such an understanding, as your own, so exercis'd in deep affliction: And yet, this last great stroke, so following upon the neck of others, almost equally insupportable, compels and calls upon the duties, both of pity and of friendship, to say something (how unfit soever) to assert the part we bear, in such a trial of your excellence.

REMEMBER, Madam, that you suffer, in a suffering world. 'Tis true, a thousand, who have none of your accomplishments, have also none of your great griefs to struggle with. God meant uncommon minds, to bear uncommon dispensations: 'Tis the justice of his hand, as well as its severity, ---He suits the labour to the strength; and lends

lends us an example, in such resignation, and such piety as yours, for the instruction and advantage of the weaker.

It may, perhaps, be some relief to think, if you have lost a bosom friend, he too, has lost his *pain*, his *disappointments*, and his *injuries*: He is deliver'd from ingratitude and malice, and has exchange'd *anxiety*, for endless *happiness*. If 'tis decreed, that you and all your dear lost comforts, are to meet, in a serener world, and know each other *there*, consider, Madam, *you* are most to be lamented, who are *last* to taste a joy, that those you mourn for, are now sharing---And, if we must not please ourselves with that delightful, and immortal hope, what motive can deserve our anguish, that concerns a world, so frail, and where our blessings are so short and perishing.

I AM afraid, I say too much, yet feel, I say too little. I should scarce know, when to end, were my concern the measure of my letter. I would have waited on you, but I dare not trust my courage; yet, I shall not long be able to stay from you, tho' I know the weakness of all comfort, in such

cases as your present one, which is truly and affectionately mourn'd by,

Madam,

Your most humble

And obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

June 11, 1721.

MADAM,

I CONSIDER the honour of your friendship, and that inexpressible pleasure, which I receive from your correspondence, as two of the greatest happinesses, I have met with in life. I wear with pride, the noble title, you adorn me with, of your friend; and you will not wonder at the transport, which it gives me, when you reflect, as you once did, thus divinely,

“ How few in all the tour of life, we find,
“ Who either can *improve*---or *charm* the
Mind !

“ Scarce can my thought, in all the boasted
crowd,

“ Recal *one friend*, to make my mem'ry
proud, But

BUT you add immediately after.

“ That much of *flattery* your *youth* has prov'd,

“ For you have been, what others call be-
lov'd.”

You will forgive me Madam, if I observe, that the *last* of these two charming lines, is not a more self-evident and infallible truth, than the *first* is a natural impossibility. We could not flatter *Clio*, were we never so inclinable: One might say perhaps a thousand things, which *Clio* would think *flattery*--but *Clio* would, in that, as in most other points, find nobody, who thought like her.

How rapturous is that glow of fancy, which distinguishes your writings! But you temper your muse's fire, like that of your eyes, with a gentle air of sweetness, which divinely softens the radiance; I say, *divinely*, because it puts one naturally in mind, of what is said of the *divinity*, in the original of our 104th psalm.

The god-grac'd presence hov'ring angels fill,
Angels! fit heralds of the almighty's will.
Ten thousand fiery lightnings sweep his way,
Nimble couriers of his sway;
And round his temples, hissing swift, in blue
meanders play. Yet

Yet, gracious, *man's* unequal eye to screen,
 Wisely, he shades the too resplendent scene,
 And, like a curtain widely drawn, spreads
 out *whole heaven* between,

I SHOULD never have done, if I allow'd
 myself to speak of *you*, till I had nothing *new*
 to say in your praise. I must therefore,
 check the zeal of my inclination, as *coach-*
men chain a wheel, when they descend a
 steep hill, that, by preventing it from turn-
 ing at all, they may be sure of its not turning
 too violently. It is impossible to tell you,
 with how much respect and admiration, I
 am

Madam,

Your most obedient

Humble Servant,

A. HILL.

April 9, 1724.

MADAM,

I SEND you, enclos'd the paraphrase
 on the 104th psalm; and have by me se-
 veral of a like kind, which I have, formerly,
 found idle time to employ myself in, and
 which

which I will cause to be copied fair, and send you ; if this specimen does not happen to stifle your curiosity, or, if your partiality to the subject of divine poems, can be strong enough to balance the defects they may carry with them, in regard to their composition.

AT least, I have *one*, upon a subject, which I can almost promise myself will entitle it to your favour, and it will also require a good share of your patience, for 'tis a very long one.---'Tis an *epic poem*, in twelve books, on the redemption of *Israel* by *Gideon*, on the foundation of the story in the book of *Judges*. 'Tis not legible in the foul draught, but I will have it writ fair, book by book, for your perusal, if you have courage enough to resolve on going through with so formidable a mortification, as to pick out the *fine* things of the story, from the *dull* ones of,

Madam,

Your most obedient

And devoted Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr POPE.

Petty France, Westminster,
January 18, 1731.

S I R,

I WISH the *plain dealers* may be worth a place in your library, since, being most of them mine, they are too much your due, to deserve your thanks, and too insignificant to reward your notice.

I SEND you, with them, a little present, still more due to you; because it was derived from your inspiration three or four years since, in a small branch of my family, not then eleven years old. She came to me one day in my study, to return me your poems, and supply herself with some new book, as usual; being willing to try her taste, I gave her BLACKMORE's *Prince Arthur*, and told her very gravely, that it was so extraordinary a poem, that the author had been *knighted* for writing it. She took it, with great expectation, and shut herself up in her closet the whole remainder of that day. But, next morning I was surprized to see the
book

book upon a table, placed purposely in my way, with the paper, I enclose you, sticking out between the leaves of it.

You have more right, than I, to the verses, because they are the effect of your own genius, outworking nature, and creating judgment, in an infant, who could see you, but as she saw the *sun*, by a light of your own lending.

You have them, as they came out of her hand, without the least retouching or alteration. I will remark but two things; first, that the eight concluding lines (at an age too weak for *art*, and speaking the language of pure truth and nature) contain a forceful example of the influence of *good* poetry, and of *bad*, which might have given *rest* to the *muse of Sir Richard Blackmore*, had he lived to see and consider it. And the *second* remark (which I make with most pleasure) is, how natural it is in my family to love and admire you.

If, after this, I should inform you, that I have a gentle complaint to make to, and against you, concerning a paragraph in the notes of a late edition of the *Dunciad*, I fear,
you

you would think your crime too little, to deserve the punishment of so long a letter, as you are doomed to, on that subject, from,

Sir,

Your most humble, and

Most obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To DAVID MALLET, Esq;

Saturday, Feb. 6, 1731.

DEAR SIR,

WILL you pardon a love of sincerity, which obliges me to confess I am disappointed upon reading your tragedy? The opinion, I had conceived of your genius, encouraged me to hope a good play, whereas, I must own to you, I found it an *inimitable* one.

You have one fault surprizingly peculiar, you are almost every where unnatural; for you begin with consummate perfection, and observe no degrees in your excellence.

If

If poets can, in reality, be inspired, you seem entitled to the distinction; for, since I see not what earthly example could have raised you to the heights you set out at, I must suppose you indebted to some nobler original.

BELIEVE not, that I am excessive, in describing the pleasure, you have given me; I do not think it possible to overpraise the author of such a *first play*, as *Euridice*.

I WISH you had been a witness to the tears, it occasioned, in a little *audience*, which my family composed about me. They would have warranted, at once, the sincerity of my opinion, and the future success of your tragedy, in its representation; when, if you mark a dry eye, during many of your moving scenes, you may conclude it the sign of great ignorance, or inhumanity.

FROM my soul, Sir, I congratulate you, upon your unavoidable reputation, and my country, upon your genius, which will certainly do us honour, and could never have risen at a time, which more *wanted*, or *less hoped* it.

You

You move all the passions very strongly in their turns ; I experienced the force of three of them, in a very new and extraordinary manner. The *first*, I felt, was *admiration*, at your noble and solemn opening : --- The *second* was *terror*, lest you should find it impossible, after so prodigious a first act, not to slacken your energy, in the progress ; but my *third* passion was *pity*, at my own mistake of your greatness, who could excel all the world in the first acts, and those first in the following.

THERE is such scope of invention in your plan, such a mastery in the turn of your incidents, such a delicate humanity in your conduct, so much nature and force in your sentiments, and such propriety in your characters and expression, that nobody can know how far you ought to be admired, who has not the theory of criticism, to a degree not too common at present ; and this I take to be the only infelicity of which you can justly be apprehensive.

I WILL send you a prologue, because you would have it so ; but the *porch*, I think, and the *building*, ought to have been the work

work of the same *skilful architect*.—If there is a word in the tragedy that can be changed for a better, it is *Lycophron*, which (if my ear does not deceive me) might, with more music, be *Zenophon*, or some other *Greek* name; and since you have dignified *Melissa* into *Eurydice*, you have as undoubted a right to new-name the *son* as the *mother*.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most humble, and

Most obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr MALLET.

Feb. 9, 1731.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR letter is too obligingly sensible of the truths, which mine told you, and which were so evidently your due, that they had not the least claim to your receiving them as a favour.

I AM glad the *prologue* pleases you; it ought, I am sure, to have been much better than

than it is, to have deserved so graceful a compliment, as that, which you have drawn from it.

I AM very willing, to come into Mr *Wilk's* sentiments. My knowledge of his genteel address, and a certain peculiar art, which you must have observed in him, of enforcing a tender meaning, by his soft and dewy manner of shedding it into the ear, led me, I believe, to add those four lines more than were necessary ; but the prologue would close more proper and full, where he wishes to end it.

SHALL I give a friendly proof, how sincerely I expressed my delight at what I found in your play, by remarking to you one thing, that I missed in it. It dwells so strongly on my memory, that it has been uppermost, ever since I read it ; and I can think of no want but this, which can give room to the malice of a willing critic, to enter his point without breaking it.

SOME of them would be glad to pretend, that the moral is not so clearly explained, as they expected ; that *Periander* and *Eurydice* are so charmingly recommended to pity
and

and esteem of the audience, that their sufferings will appear unjust, and imply an accusation of providence, for neglect of a virtue so amiable, and yet so unhappy.

SUPPOSE, to prevent this malevolence, *Leonidas*, upon sight of the expiring queen, should burst into a complaint, tending to such distrust of the justice of heaven? — It would be in character, and suited to the warmth of his honest heart. And this might naturally awaken *Periander* into an exclamatory and pathetic answer. — A confession, in justification of providence, drawn from conscious remembrance of his own breach of oath, in prolonging his father's usurpation, and with-holding the *Corinthian liberty*: A guilt, which makes just his own sufferings, in the loss of all, that was dear to his wishes, and the total destruction of his own family. And under this agony and consternation of soul, he might solemnly swear to die, after performing his vow, as disdaining to live himself, after being deprived of her life, which was dearer to him, than his own, and who had died but for his offences.

D WOULD

Would not this strike your moral into the hearts of every hearer?—Methinks, it would add great *terror* to that *pity*, you have so finely moved in your catastrophe, and send us away full of thoughts on the awful judgment, that must always follow guilt, however mitigated by our virtues.

I offer it to your thoughts, where, whether it has weight or no, I am sure it will be received, as a token, how truly and unreservedly I am,

Dear, Sir,

Your most humble, and

Most obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr POPE.

Westminster, Feb. 10, 1731.

S I R,

I AM obliged to you for your letter from Parson's Green, and come heartily into the proposal it begins with: A mutual resolution to forget in each other the appearance

ance of every thing, that has been distasteful to either; agrees, I am sure, with the affection I feel for you at my heart, where it is founded on a natural strength, both of reason, and of inclination.

THE *Caveat* began, originally, with the vision.--I added not, till after it was finished, those lines, among which are the unlucky ones; that displeased you. I was fearful, lest without something of that kind, by way of introduction, the reader might think himself pushed too abruptly into the allegory. But I confess it was unreasonable in me to cover your *praise*, which I delighted in, under the veil of an allegory, and explain my *censure* too openly, in which I could take no pleasure.

THE truth is, I loved you so well, or thought of you so often, that it was not easy for me, in any humour, to write verse, and not dwell upon you. Have you never been *jealous* of a favourite *mistress*?--- Have you never, under a *pique* at her supposed neglect, said what she could no more deserve, than you could think she did, upon cooler reflection?-- And have you not found, after all, that you were nevertheless her *lover*?

YOUR offer is very kind, to prevail on the editor of the *Dunciad*, to leave out the note, or declare that I was not meant in it; -- but I am satisfied : -- It is over, and deserves no more of your application.

I AGREE with you, it is *morality* makes us beloved : I know it from the effect of your writings, where I *but admire* the harmony and the elegance, while I *love* the generosity and the candor of the sentiments.---I prefer too, as you do, *friendship*, and the honest enjoyments of life, to *fame* and noisy *praises* ; but I am glad you are happier than you wish to be, who enjoy *both* benefits together.

YET, if there were nothing desirable in *fame*, there could be nothing detestable in *slander* ; and your honest uneasiness, at being *thought* worse than you *are*, would, in that case, be in danger of passing for a *weakness*.

I KNOW, however, that you consider *praise* in a nobler light than *vanity*. There is, in fame, the prolongation of a good man's example, which his natural life, being too short to extend so far as he wishes, *that* defect

fect is supplied by the second life he receives from his *memory*.

I HAVE seen, and been ashamed of that low turn, which Mr. *Dennis* gave to your good-nature. Where a man's *passions* are too strong for his *virtues*, his *suspicion* will be too hard for his *prudence*. He has often been weak enough to treat you in a manner, that moves too much indignation against himself, not to leave it unnecessary for you also to punish him. --- Neither of us would chuse him for a *friend*; but none of the *frailties* of his *temper*, any more than the heavy *formalities* of his *style*, can prevent your acknowledging, there is often weight in his arguments, and matter, that deserves encouragement, to be met with in his writings.

I WILL soon, Sir, convince you, that my sensibility is not so tender as you suppose it to be; I am so far from an inclination to defend some *pieces*, which I was too much a boy, when I published, that I embrace all occasions of exposing them, myself, to the contempt they have merited. --- Let me appeal, for one instance, to the *Plain Dealer*, Numb. 10, wherein you may see I am so

unnatural a parent, as to have lost all my primitive fondness, of an offspring, you may imagine to be still my favourites.

I AM already too much obliged, not to blush at your mention of the *Odyssey*, with a view of sending it to my daughter, and *she* is too inquisitive a lover of what gives her *instruction*, with *delight*, to have been satisfied without finding in her closet whatever she had heard *you* had published.

As a proof, how determined I am to throw nothing upon the world that may give you cause of complaint, I will send you, in manuscript, the *Essay on Propriety*, as soon as it is finished. I do the same now by a smaller piece, I am about to publish, because you will find yourself concerned in some part of it; and I will alter and give a general turn to any particular that relates to *you*, if you but mark the place with a +, when you send back the paper to,

Sir,

Your most humble,

And most obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr MALLET.

Feb. 12, 1731.

DEAR SIR,

THE effect of this vexatious cold, on my throat, not allowing me for some days yet, the enjoyment of an evening with you and Mr Wilks, I am obliged to trouble you with another letter in explanation of my last ; and to thank you for the favour of your answer.

You enforce my belief of the sincerity you assert in the first paragraph, by that undeniable proof in the second, where you confess, with so generous a frankness, that what appeared, to me, the *moral*, upon which you had formed your Tragedy, was no part of your intention.

It is plain, then, what I told you, in a former, you were *inspired* ! --- You had the help of some bosom angel, and knew it not. But let me never stand in the way of that archer, when he takes true *aim*, who can thus *hit the white* of a mark, and declare he shoots *blindfold* !

I WAS far from imagining you had meant any other moral; and though, as you observe, the foundation of the play is *jealousy*, and another moral might have been drawn from the fatality of rash resolutions, you will perceive, upon the comparison, a strongly visible difference, between the moral which enforces *itself*, and *that* which might have been forced from your Tragedy.

HAD *Periander's* misfortunes been owing to any private guilt of his life, *Eurydice* would have deserved no share in his punishment, because ignorant of his guilt, at least, unable to prevent it; and then her *wrongs* and her *death* had been a kind of impeachment of the divine distribution of justice: whereas she cannot be supposed ignorant of an oath that was publicly made for the liberties of the public, and broken, as publicly, by *Periander*, to the enslavement of his country. --- And, supposing this done, before she became his wife, her joining herself afterwards to his person, joined her also to his guilt, and amounts to a justification of that judgment, which makes her a partner in his destruction.

NEITHER can there be a more awful lesson than arises from our observation, that *Periander*, who disappointed the hopes, and invaded the rights of a people, though he governed them with wisdom and equity, fell a sacrifice, in revenge for their injury, by the hand of a mindful providence; afflicting him most on that quarter, whence he most hoped for comfort; embroiling his state in rebellion, in order, by admission of *Procles*, to give rise to those strong sources of jealousy, which, out of his very victory, produced his ruin; as if to convince him, that his punishment, though *private*, was derived from a *public* calamity, because his crime against the *public* had occasioned it. For, it is evident, there had been no foundation for the jealousy of *Periander*, had he not been tyrant of *Corinth*.

BESIDES, had your moral taken its turn from the jealousy alone, that passion had stood in no need of revolutions in government. --- It had been juster for both *Periander* and *Procles* to have been ruined, by the personal effects of jealousy, without involving the interests of a nation; whereas, in the other more public light, you raise the importance

importance of your Story, attach the general, to the particular sufferings; augment the terror, refine the pity, vindicate the punishment, and exalt the moral of your subject.

Thus, Sir, those incidents and sentiments by which (if I dare believe it) you designed only to move and amuse, perform what you designed in the most divine and exalted manner; as they are the road through which you lead us, to see guilt tremble at judgment; the effect whereof upon the fear and the pity of mankind, will not only *insure*, but also *vindicate* your reputation.

If you reflect on the *spring* of all that *passionate enthusiasm*, which moves your readers so strongly, in the frequent invocations and appeals to heaven, throughout your Tragedy, you will be tempted still to heighten it, by sprinkling a hint, here and there, in a single line, just to awaken, in the proper places, an apprehension of impending providence, and excite this religious terror in the minds of the audience.

I AM so charmed with your Play, and so sure of the future celebration of your name, for *this* and many other Tragedies, that will
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be an honour to the *British* nation, that I could not have pardon'd myself the *meanness* of a jealous silence, in a point, which I throw, like a wheat-grain, into a glebe that will improve it in a hundred harvests; and the more they shall flourish to your glory, the more increase will they give to the delight, with which I am most warmly and affectionately,

Dear Sir,

Your most humble

And Obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr MALLET.

Feb. 18, 1731.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVE every letter you send me with *new* pleasure, because it is sure to discover *new* virtue in the sender.

If ever I dissent from Mr *Mallet's* opinion, it must be only when he speaks of himself: and, for this reason, I cannot allow

low you to apply the word *fault*, as you do, in your last ; but it would, indeed, be a *fault*, in me, not to be charmed with an excellence, in your mind, which it has given you the occasion of discovering.

THOUGH I admire your Play, to a degree that I am not able to express, yet, I am but *half* satisfied with my *own* admiration of it. --- Would you know what is wanting to satisfy me entirely ? -- It is the power of making every body as much your admirer, as I am. But this, your *Tragedy*, will be abler to do for you, than your *friends* ; tho' they will be as many as your *readers*, and your *audience*.

UPON my brother's informing me, what want you were in of an *epilogue*, I have written the enclosed, and seal it up, to be brought you before you go out in the morning.

I HAVE thrown into it as much humour as I could, at so short a warning ; and adapted it to the liveliness and spirit of *Miss Robinson's* turn, if I remember her right ;
for

for it is a good while, since I saw her. I am, with all the warmth of good wishes and friendship,

Dear Sir,

Your most Obedient,

And most humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr MALLET.

Feb. 23, 1731.

DEAR SIR,

I WAS present, last night, at the first representation of your Play, with a pleasure, even too great to be outweighed by my mortification at observing, how little advantage it received from the *acting*.

To speak, frankly, my sentiments of the matter, you had full justice done you by none of the players, except the two, who acted the parts of *Leonidas* and *Polydor* : --- They were touch'd, and touch'd their bearers; for they spoke feelingly, that is, *naturally*, and without that *stage vice*, their eternal affectation

fection of forced tone, with which they cover and efface the passions, they are endeavouring to heighten.

EVEN the justly admired Mrs *Porter* never went to the heart, but when she aided what she *said*, by what she *acted*. --- There is a justness, and grace, and a spirit, in many of her movements and attitudes, that *must* strike all mankind, with an irresistible admiration. --- But she began, and went through the whole of what you meant *Eurydice* should *say*, with a kind of whining *monotony*, that produced two very unlucky effects : --- The first, that we lost two words in five of every thing, she meant, we should hear and distinguish : -- And the second, that we were deprived, by her continued identity of tone, of that touching pain and pleasure, she might have given us, had she varied her look, and her voice, with all *that* so beautiful variety of occasion, you have put into her power, in a long and lively intermixture of many very different passions.

I WILL explain to you what I mean, by varying their *looks*, by desiring you to observe Mr. *Mills*, when he is torn, with all
that

that storm of affliction and anger, you have overloaded him with : You will remark, that, in the midst of all his startings, and convulsive agitations of body, he looks not, as if he were in earnest : --- at least, he wants weight, and appears too light, for the solemn *dignity* of his sorrow, which is occasioned by his *not knowing*, or *remembering*, the harmony between the eyes, and the organs of the *voice*. --- Let a man, for example, fix his eyes in an angry, or a sorrowful *look*, and then pronounce the softest, or the kindest speech of *love*, *joy*, or *friendship*, -- he will find, that, 'till his *look* is as kind as his *meaning*, his voice will sound nothing but *discord* and *barshness*.

BUT I have run, I don't know how, into a length, I designed not ; for I only meant to tell you, that I was truly pleased with Mr *Wilks*, in the *prologue*, and still more in the *musick-room*, where I observed him, aptly, and generously touched with a manly and compassionate *tenderness* ; which gave me as strong an esteem for him, as ever I drew from the vivacity, the grace, and the gentleness of his *Action*. And, after I had told you *this*, I meant to complain of the indecent

cent, not to say impudent, liberty, which C--b--r (I conclude it him from his known shamelessness) has taken to alter, dismember, and destroy the humour and propriety of my Epilogue. I am the easiest, of a thousand, to submit my *own* to my *friend's* opinion; but have too just a contempt for that person, and his notions, to have allowed him the licence he has been permitted to assume, had I had the least previous notice of his intention.

I PROMISE myself, however, the justice of your not suffering my Epilogue to come abroad, in the chequer-work, this *Merry-andrew* has dressed it in; and have then nothing to add, but my assurance, with what truth and friendship I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most humble,

And obedient Servant.

A. HILL.

To

To Lord TYRCONNEL.

March 10, 1731.

MY LORD,

IT is impossible for men, who can think at all, not to think *nobly* of your *spirit*, when they examine it, by that bravery of goodness, you have shewn, in behalf of the fatherless, motherless, and, *but for you*, the lifeless Mr. *Savage*.

It is usual, for great men, to begin their notice of a man of worth, at the establishment of his *fame*, or the enlargement of his *prosperity*; but your Lordship's more generous regard, for this unhappy kinsman, took commencement from his *misery*; and, then, first avowed his blood, and asserted his good qualities, when all the *meaner World* would have begun to desert, even *distinction* itself, and been afraid to defend good fortune.

BUT it is too little to say, you have been generous: ---You have been *wise*, in what your pity has done for him; since, in one nobler sense, you are a gainer, upon all the charge you have been at, in comforting the

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life,

life, you have saved him : For, by that humanity, the whole amount of his future virtues stands transferred to your Lordship.

--- Whatever *good* he does ; whatever *love* he merits, must be yours ; and nothing left him, which the world will call his own, except he should have follies, which, I hope, he has not, because those they will confess *his* only.

My present purpose was no more, than to beg your Lordship's acceptance of a trifle, I am about to publish.

BUT I would not lose the opportunity of adding, with what justice, I discern, and admire the generous firmness of your heart, and uncommon beauty of your compassion.

--- Permit me, therefore, to subscribe myself, with a disinterested and sincere respect,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

And most humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

March 12, 1731.

S I R,

TO address a great man, without *flat-
tery*, would be a little too odd, and
unreasonable; if there were not some like-
lyhood, that the very novelty may be a
means of recommending it to your notice.

I BEGIN with asking your pardon, for
the trifling present I make you, of a po-
em, you are not the subject of: and which,
having neither apprehensions from your
power, nor expectations from your *bounty*, is
ambitious (among all the great things, you
have to bestow) of nothing further than
your *attention*.

As I am one of the *few* emphatical *free-
men*, under your care, who enjoy a life without
ambition or dependence, I look without par-
tiality upon a world, in which I am resolv'd to
be no actor; and having often consider'd the
spring of that ungenerous propensity, among
Englishmen, to encourage the most malignant
slanders, if they are levell'd at a powerful mi-

nister, I think, the cause will sooner be found in the deceiv'd *expectation*, than in the *ill-nature* of the people; or in their attachment to the interests of their *misleaders*.

THEY have little knowledge of power: But they have a kind of general, blind hope, from it, that, in some sort or other, they are to be the *better*, for the good fortune of their governors; and when they find themselves disappointed, they take their revenge in *railing*; and propagate the railings of others, who, have closer reasons for their bitterness.

So the clamour is begun, by the envy of a few distanc'd *rivals*, and made *general* by the discontent of an unmeaning multitude; who, looking inward in vain, and recollecting nothing gross enough for *their feeling*, in honour of the minister, are under a dull kind of necessity to believe what is reported to his prejudice.

IN this situation, your most mortifying circumstance seems to arise, from the *faint* and *timorous* justifications you are excus'd by, on one hand, against the bold and implacable charges, you are provok'd by on the other. For your friends, being *friends* of
your

your *power*, defend you with an interested apprehension, that keeps one eye behind them : whereas your enemies are the enemies of your person, and assault you with an inveterate and never-resting animosity.

METHINKS an easy remedy against all this, would be for great ministers to render themselves as *popular*, as they are *public* : In which case your friends would lose their fears, and espouse you more boldly ;--- and your enemies would lose their *hopes*, and attack you more faintly.

A MINISTER, while he stands too high to look down upon a common truth, may wonder to hear it said, that it is *easy* to become *popular* ; but *we* see this plainly, who are out of the *dust*, that surrounds *you great men*, in your motion ; and makes you too blind, or too busy, to discern what lies under foot, and is trod upon in the hurry of your circle.

THERE are a thousand little arts of charming a people, no way of importance enough to make a question of state ; yet of ease and satisfaction to the body of a nation : And to be *doing* and *talking* of such purposes, would be one sure, and spreading means

of turning the tide of popularity, in your favour. Then the writers, who seem so earnest to do justice to your character, insisting timely, and with delicacy on such *acts or intentions*; instructing the people to *feel*, what they owe you in these domestic considerations, would meet another kind of success, than has attended their *unspirited negatives*; too tame or too angry, to attract veneration to your name, or even to bear up their own figure, against the strength, and vivacity of the writers, in the opposite interest.

I WOULD have had the honour to explain myself upon some heads to this purpose, but that I remember'd, *you*, Sir, can never be so sure as I am, that I have no view below that purpose; for (if it does not appear too cynical to declare it,) I am apter to *pity your greatness*, for the freedom it robs you of, than to *envy your power*, for the enlargement of your *distinction*.

ANOTHER road to popularity, tho' of less immediate *use*, because it regards the *esteem* of the world, when you will be out of the reach of its *malice*, is, the encouragement of *able writers*: But on this, having said something

thing in the printed sheets, I will only presume to add, in behalf of that great genius, I have nam'd in the fifteenth page of the dedication, that he seems, for many reasons, the most worthy your notice, of any rising character, I know; and this for three reasons, more especially: first, because he is most able to *deserve* it; the second, because he is least able to *forget* it; and the third, because he neither expects nor desires it.

You may think, Sir, justly enough, that I assume too much liberty, when, without the honour of your acquaintance, I am recommending another to your favour. Yet the worst, I hope, that can be said of it, is, that I am acting the part of a *cowardly soldier*, who, being conscious he is *no willing fighter*, and not desirous of advancing farther forward than befits his *spirit*, pushes a *better man* into danger, for fear he should *himself* be suppos'd ambitious of a *distinction*, he has not courage to be fond of, I am,

Sir,

Your most humble

And most obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

Feb. 20, 1731.

MADAM,

I HAVE the happiness, at my return from some distant applications, to meet under your own lovely hand, in the letter, you did my spouse the honour to write her, the confirmation of that health we are forever wishing you; and I cannot describe the joy it gives us all, to hear of the happy conclusion of that long-wish'd affair at *Stanley*. May it produce every blessing on every side, that your own best hopes propos'd or expected from it.

OUR satisfaction would have been complete, were Miss *Lowther* confirm'd in her recovery, as, I am sure, she would soon be, if her resolution would take part with your tenderness, and allow her to undergo the short disagreeableness of the remedies, you would recommend to her: We all beg her to accept of our most humble service, and our best wishes: We are ever remembering and talking of you, with the pleasure so inseparable from your image, in the breasts of all, who have been bless'd with your society, or felt the influence of your accomplishments.

We

WE are extremely glad to hear that good lady, your Aunt, enjoys some share of health this bad season ; for the affectionate and tender delight, with which it is natural for you to express yourself, when you speak of that excellent relation ; and the charming descriptions, you have given us of her virtues, and her generosity, have so fixed her upon our memory that we think of her, with a respect and tenderness, as if *we* too, as well as *yourself*, had the honour to be her relations.

WE offer our very humble service to Mr. *Lowther*, whose good nature, so obligingly, inclin'd him to share the fatigue of our first day's journey ; but who, that is part of you, can want the good nature, that so amiably distinguishes you !— I shall trouble Mr. *Lowther* with a letter, in a little time, and have the honour, also, to write to you, upon the same subject.

AMONG the multitude of thanks, due to you, let me not forget your inestimable letters. When you write, you have the power to strip absence of its melancholy ; for they who read you, have the blessing of deceiving themselves into an imagination, that

that they *see* and *hear* you; but when business, or the night has robb'd them of the power of looking upon what you have written, the remembrance of it but adds to the many reasons they had before, to be unhappy by their distance from you.—I have the honour to be, with the most lasting admiration and respect,

Madam,

Your most oblig'd, and

Most obedient humble Servant.

A. HILL.

To Mr. MALLET.

March 22, 1731.

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT help confessing, that every letter I receive from you, gives new encrease to my vanity; not from what you say in my favour, but because the manner in which you express your own thoughts, discovers so uncommon a *depth*, with so unequal'd a *delicacy*, that I feel a kind of pride in the proofs you transport me with, that it was not *partiality*, but *penetration*, which induc'd

induc'd me to so inviolable an esteem of Mr.
Mallet,

I MIGHT have spar'd all advice to the
poets, who are rising, under the light of
your living example; and since providence
does nothing in vain, I begin to flatter my-
self, that this reptile age, is, to cast its skin
of dullness, and renew itself into colours fit
for your genius to shine upon.

THERE is a mortal muse, in my family,
who is conscious enough of your interest in
the true *Urania*, to be ashamed of her name,
when she scribbles any thing in justice to *Eu-
rydice*; and yet was unable to resist the temp-
tation of setting it to a proof, that she did
not read you, like a girl of the modern ma-
nufacture. I ought not to put it out of my
own hands, where, she knew, it would meet
with indulgence; but that I am enough
pleas'd with it to apply to you, the words of
your name-fake, and predecessor, *king David*,
—*Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings,*
THOU hast ordained strength,

I am, Dear Sir,

Your most Obedient

Humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr Booth.

March 25, 1731.

S I R,

I T H A N K you for the obliging reproach, you have made me, for a forgetfulness, I could never have been capable of, if the information I promis'd to give you, about *York Stock*, was to have brought you any caution of immediate consequence to your interest in the company.

BUT as I saw no prospect of a sudden change, to any considerable degree, either one way or the other, I propos'd not to say what I thought, of the stock's advancing or falling, till I saw the event of a secret transaction, relating to the discharge of the company from the weight of the long bonds, which become due, next year, and are the only cloud of consequence, that hangs over their expectations.

You shall, certainly, know the progress of this design, in a few days.

As for the poem you are so kind to, I know enough of Mr. Booth's Judgment, to be truly

truly pleas'd with his *praises*; and enough of his *good-nature*, to be afraid, he has judg'd too partially; but it was certainly writ to good purpose, if it has merited your approbation.

I AM, with the most earnest good wilhes for your recovery of that health, the want of which is a public calamity,

Sir,

Your most humble

And most Obedient Servant.

A. HILL.

May 9, 1731.

SIR,

I MUST deny myself the pleasure of that agreeable evening, you propose, with yourself, and that gentleman, (of whom you drew so pleasing a picture) yet a little longer; till I can bring an attention less perplex'd than at present, with a hundred affairs of too dry a nature, to deserve the delight of being mix'd with good company.

IN

IN the mean time, to answer that part of your letter, that regards *Sacharissa*, I must confess, she is, (as you now give me her dimensions) a good deal too *short*, for a lady of so much beauty and merit. Yet I cannot agree with you, that 2000 lines make the length of a moderate Tragedy: From 1500 to 1800 is the length which will always go best off; and the nearer the *first* of the two numbers, the better: since, if there is no spirit and worth in a Play, the audience will never complain of its shortness; and where, as in your case, there is *merit* and *fire*, they will rise with an appetite, and return the sooner again, if it is short; as they have not been satiated with the pleasure.

THERE seems, however, an absolute necessity, of adding about 400 lines: But I am, by no means, for throwing out the foreign incident; because I think you may appropriate it to the *action* and *moral* of the Play; and derive a dignity and importance from it, beyond what your Tragedy could be capable of, *without* it.

SUPPOSE, for example, a strong, but secret passion, to have been advanc'd to a mutual contract

contract, between *Bellario* and *Sacharissa*; and only prudentially conceal'd from the father's knowledge, upon apprehension of his refusal, on account of some family opposition of interests.

SUPPOSE too, that *Guelderland* had a violent passion for her, and propos'd to marry *Eloisa*, but that the *duke*, growing jealous of this match, lest it might weaken the loyalty of so powerful a subject, as *Scævolus*, recommends *Bellario* to *Eloisa*, and insists, peremptorily, on the father's obedience; thereby to disappoint the intentions of *Guelderland*.

THIS naturally may be suppos'd to have forc'd from *Sacharissa*, the secret of her passion for *Bellario*: notwithstanding which, and all the tears, prayers, and persuasions of his daughter, the old man's obstinate loyalty compells *Eloisa* to marry him; and *Bellario*'s fear of the *duke*, necessitated his compliance.

THE distress of your chief characters being thus visible—the pity of the audience is secur'd for them, notwithstanding their guilty amour; but what is still a furtherance, towards

wards the merit of your *plan*, this disappointment, irritating *Guelderland* to revenge, may be suppos'd the motive of that attempt, in which he miscarried, and was made a captive. And the retirement of *Scævulus* from *power*, may be represented, as a design, to give peace to his country, by removing his influence from all occasion of inflaming the *envy* of *Guelderland's party*.

THIS will naturally bring on the *catastrophe*, and lengthen the Tragedy, to its mentioned extent. And when you have done what you think proper upon this plan, or any other, to the like purpose, if you send me the *Play* again, you may depend on the sincerest advice and assistance in the power of,

Sir,

Your most obedient

Humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr POPE.

Sept. 17, 1731.

DEAR SIR,

IT will never be in my power to forget, how compassionate you have been, in *calling and sending* so often.---It is plain, you have none of the *fashionable want of feeling, for the calamities of others*; and, when I reflect, that you are kind enough to *concern* yourself for *mine*, it brings me nearer to *comfort*, than either resignation, or philosophy.

THE part, you are pleased to take, in my *loss of a wife*, who had the misfortune of being a *stranger* to you, would have been as *just*, as it is *generous*, had you been qualified to measure it, by an acquaintance with her *virtues*. It was *one* of those virtues -- that she admired Mr *Pope*, and knew, *why* she admired him. She wish'd for nothing, with more liveliness, than the pleasure of seeing you, and (such is the illusion of our prospects!) the very *day*, on which she promised herself the enjoyment of that wish, she

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became

became insensible to *all wishes*, on this side eternity !

I CHOSE a place for her, in the *Abbey Cloister* ; the walls of the church, above, being so loaded with marble, as to leave me no room, to distinguish her monument.

GIVE me leave to hope the benefit of your advice, on this mournful occasion. I cannot suffer her to lie unnoticed, because a monument, in so frequented a place as *Westminster Abbey*, restoring her, to a kind of second life, among the living, it will be, in some measure, not to have *lost* her. But there is a low and unmeaning lumpishness, in the vulgar style of monuments, which disgusts me, as often, as I look upon them ; and, because I would avoid the censure, I am giving, let me beg you to say, whether there is *significance*, in the draught, of which I enclose you an aukward *scratch*, not a *copy* : The flat table, behind, is *black*, the figures are *white* marble.

THE *whole* of what, you see, here, is but *part* of the monument ; and will be surrounded by *pilasters*, arising from a pediment of *white* marble, having its foundation on a
black

black marble mountain; and supporting a *coronice* and *dome*, that will ascend to the point of the cloister arch. About half way up a craggy path, on the *black mountain*, below, will be the figure of *Time*, in *white marble*, on an attitude of *climbing*, obstructed by little *Cupids*, of the same colour; some rolling rocks, into his path, from *above*; some throwing *nets*, at his *feet* and *arms*, from *below*; others, in *ambuscade*, shooting *arrows* at him, from *both sides*; while the *Death*, you see in the *draught*, will seem, from an opening between *hills*, in *relievo*, to have found admision by a shorter way, and prevented *Time*, at a distance.

I CANNOT forbear to inclose you an anonymous favour, which I received, in a penny-post letter, from some kind hand disguised, that I should not guess at the obliger. I find, in it, a strong and touching *simplicity*; nature, nervous, and undressed; striking, from and to the heart, without pomp or affectation! You will be pleased with these four verses, if my melancholy has not helped their impression on me. It is true, they seem rather the moving words of a *wife*, while dying, than the inscription of

her monument, *after death*; but I have never been able to read them, without emotion; and being charmed with them myself, I wished you a part of the pleasure.

I HAD heard of the obliging opinion you expressed of my *Tragedy*, when you had, lately, an occasion of speaking to Mr *Wilks*, concerning the affairs of the *stage*. I assure you, without complement, I had rather it should please you, singly, than a dozen crowded audiences. And one thing I can be sure of, in its favour, -- It will be the *better*, for some marks of your *pencil*. If you would have the goodness, to allow me to put a copy of it into your hands, and speak of it, occasionally, with the same kind partiality, to some of those, who can give success to *Tragedies*; *That* alone, might determine me, to venture it on the *stage*, next winter.

I HAVE thoughts, about the middle of this month, of taking your advice, and *Tully's*; I will try what *change of place*, and the pleasure of being nearer you, can do, toward dispelling a *grief*, that time seems to threaten increase of: I will fly from it, if I can,

can, but the *atra cura post equitem*, will sit too close to be parted with. I am, truly, and unalterably,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate,

And most obedient Servant,

A. HILL,

To Mr WILKS.

Sept. 17, 1731.

SIR,

THE pleasure, I am sure to enjoy, in your company, would have made it impossible, not to have renewed it before now, but that it pleased God to try me, with a domestic affliction, which my heart was not proof against. Unfashionable, as this is, I make no scruple of owning it to you, whose humanity, (always amiable) never charmed me so touchingly, as by that tenderness of delight, with which (in an age, that affects to think, meanly, of marriage) you durst dwell, with so beautiful a seriousness, on the merits of a *wife*, in your gene-

rous sensibility of your own lady's accomplishments.

BECAUSE I would wish you a life, without bounds, may you (so loving, and beloved) *live*, 'till the world is *willing* to part with you, and then, -- *both* die, together.

BUT the occasion of my troubling you, with this letter, is, to ask you a question, for the satisfaction of a friend, who has a *Tragedy*, which he wrote, with Mr *Wilks*, in his eye; and, upon the character, which he was in hopes to see *shine*, in your *action*, moves the whole design of his Play. The part is, in length, about 500 lines. The turn of it is amorous, inconstant, spirited, attractive, and distressful. It consists of fire, and vivacity, endear'd and temper'd by the softer Passions: I don't know whether I explain myself enough; but what I mean is — It is a Part, which (if I have any knowledge of the *stage*) will give pleasure to Mr. *Wilks*, and receive *life* from him.

BUT, if your intention to decline *new* Parts, is a fix'd, and unalterable resolution, my friend would, by no means, *bring on* his Play, till he can find an *Actor*, as capable

ble as you are, to do justice to this Character — I might have said it more briefly --- He would never bring it on at all.

If you enable me to inform this Author, whether his Tragedy is to be *born*, or *die* an *abortive*, it will very much oblige me, who am, most warmly, and with the sincerest heart.

Sir,

Your most obedient,

And most humble, Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. WILKS.

Sept. 22, 1731.

SIR,

I SPOKE of my *own* Trageay, under colour of a *Friend's*, from my unwillingness to put any strain on your good-nature, having heard, with great concern, of your intention to decline *new* parts in general.

I HAVE, now, the pleasure of sending it you, and, if capable, as I hope it is, of doing service to your company, I should be glad, it might come on, in *December*, because my time will be much less at my command after *Christmas*.

THE occasion of writing this *Tragedy* was, my having attempted one, upon the same subject, in 1710, when I was boy enough, not to be ashamed of *beginning* and *ending* it, in less than a *fortnight*, after Mr. *Booth* had put me in mind of the story. So, I considered it, as my *duty*, to atone for that extravagance, when, at a distance of twenty years, I had gathered patience enough, to believe, that *imagination* is a mad horse, and ought to be bridled by the *judgment*.

I HAVE, accordingly, made a quite *new plan*, and, though the subject is the same, I have turned it, wholly, a different way ; and retained neither thought, nor expression, of my former. If it is of no use else, it will serve, at least, for an experiment, how far the same writer's genius (*good*, or *bad*) may, or may not be benefited, by the *assistance* of *Art*, and *submission* to the restraints of *criticism*.

cism --- A question, often debated, and not yet sufficiently cleared up, among us.

I AM gratefully sensible of your compliment, with respect to your resolution about *new parts*, and have the pleasure to acknowledge myself,

Sir,

Your most obliged,

And most obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. WILKS.

Sept. 25, 1731.

SIR,

THO' it is a great satisfaction to me, that you, and Mr *Cibber*, approve of my Play, yet, I am under a concern, that is still more lively ; while I find you declining, to throw lustre upon the character of *Athelwold*.

I CAN easily consent, that he should never be seen, at all : But, it is impossible for me to

to allow, that any body, *but Mr Wilks*, can represent him.

It is the talent of very few, to unite *dignity* to tenderness, and give that importance to an amorous distress, by which only it can be made considerable enough to deserve compassion.

In answer to *that insufficiency*, which you are pleased to find, where *nobody else* would ever have looked for it, I appeal to a million of *living witnesses*, whether you are not, infinitely, unjust to *yourself*,---the *only* person, from whose *merit* you could be capable of detracting.

THERE is more *youth*, in your *air*; and more *vigour*, in your *action*, than can be conceived in the *imagination* of one, who has never seen you. And, as for amiable grace in *movement*, together with a certain animated softness, and an inexpressible vivacity of spirit, a *writer* must despair of *finding* them, at all, when he ceases to find them, in *your Person*.

In short, there is not a line, in the part, which I did not *see*, and *hear* you speak, while

while I was *writing* it. Nature has no *Athelwold*, but *you*; and I cannot bear the mortification of supposing any body else, in the character.

THE part of *Edgar* was written for Mr. *Booth*; would he were well enough to act it! --- The part of *Oswald*, for Mr. *Cibber*. --- Neither will he decline it, if it is but half as fit for his acceptance, as he is capable of drawing notice, upon the character. -- *Leolyn* was designed for Mr. *Mills*; *Elfrid*, for Mrs. *Oldfield*; and *Ethelinda*, for Mrs *Porter*.

BUT *death*, and *accidents*, having interposed, in some of these *casts*, I am at a loss, without your advice, how to supply them. Pray be so good, as to give me your opinion, and it will very much oblige,

Sir,

Your most humble,

And most obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

Sept. 25, 1731.

DEAR SIR,

SO obliging a letter, as your last, deserved a *speedier* acknowledgment; a *sincerer*, it could not have had, than I, now, send you, for it. If there is any thing unpardonable, in a sorrow, so just as mine, it is a *selfishness*, that, looking *inward*, with too earnest an indulgence, neglects every object, but its own.-- I begin to be sensible of this contraction of my heart; and the discovery will relieve me, in some measure, from a *grief*, that was not willing to be lessened.

BECAUSE it is reasonable to begin the *atonement*, where the *guilt* has been greatest, let me, first, beg your pardon, for having been *silent* so long; and, then, thank you, in my *own* name, and the *publick's*, for the present application of your time, to a purpose, in which we all have an interest.

BEFORE you sent me word, what subject you was inclined to write on, I was designing to have recommended the *same* moral, to your thoughts, in the *English* story, of *Pierce Gaveston*; which, I believe, with
greater

greater dignity, you will strike out, from the fate of your *Roman*.

I DOUBT not to see, in your Tragedy, not only a *lively* parallel, but a *just* one. *Albinus* has, certainly, no notion of a *delicacy*, or an extent, in his politics; yet, as far, as I can judge, by his measures, he is a gross-good meaner. His heart is *open*, but not *expansive*; his *ability* is limited; but so is his *resentment*. He is, at once, incapable of the *good things* we wish, and the *bad things* we might *suffer*; -- whereas *malice* in *Contrarius*, seems the most active of his *qualities*. He *sees* farther, indeed, than his *rival*, but he *thinks* more narrowly; for, while *Albinus* can with-hold the revenge, in his power, against the *exposer* of his *blunders*, *Contrarius* is implacable, and virulent against the *despiser* of his penetration.

THIS being my notion of the *modern patriotism*, I am in hopes, to see it set right, in some Tragedy; that *Legion* may be bubbled no longer, by animosity, for *public-spiritedness*, on one side; -- and, that *ambition*, on the other, may be taught to measure itself, and take bounds in proportion to *capacity*. We should, then, have *humbler factions*, and *abler administration*.

I HAVE

I HAVE some thoughts of venturing *Athelwold* into the world, this winter, if it has the good fortune, to meet with your approbation.

DESIGNING a monument over my *wife*, that I may redeem as much of her, as possible, be so kind, as to give me your opinion, whether I have expressed, what I meant, in the following epitaph.

Enough, cold stone! suffice her long-lov'd
name;

Words are too weak, to pay her virtue's
claim.

Temples, and tombs, and tongues, shall
waste away,

And pow'r's vain pomp, in mould'ring dust
decay.

But, e'er mankind a *wife*, more perfect, see,
Eternity, O *Time*! shall bury thee.

I AM returned to that very *selfishness*, which I was become ashamed of, in the beginning of this letter; but, *that* is not half so wonderful, as that, while I have *you* to speak of, I can find room, at all, to talk of,

His most affectionate,

And most obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mrs LOWTHER.

Sept. 26, 1731.

MADAM,

IT has pleas'd God, since I had the honour of writing to you last, to afflict me, by a stroke, which, tho' I expected, and liv'd in *dread* of, I had not resignation enough, when it befel me, to support it, as I ought. I have *lost* the friend of my *heart*, -- and the companion of my *soul*! -- We were *one*, in an unusual sense; for our purposes, our interest, and our very thoughts, and wishes, were united.

I HAD lost her much sooner, but for the *air* of your *county*, and the *charms* of your *company*: She was a true *judge* of *merit*, and she *found*, and *lov'd* it, in Mrs Lowther! She was, most sincerely, your admirer; and would talk, so often, of the delight your conversation gave her, that I reflect, with the utmost comfort, on her not having left the world, till she had tasted *that best pleasure* in it.

YET, you never knew her, as she, really, was --- the effect of her cruel illness had
drawn

drawn a cloud over her accomplishments, before she had the happiness of your acquaintance.

HAD she been as *near* you, as she was *like* you, I should have had no occasion to tell you, that she was *virtuous* without *pride*; *wise* without *consciousness*; *careful* without *meanness*; *reserv'd* without *stiffness*; *well-bred* without *affectation*; and *sincere* without *indecency*.

BUT I will dwell, no longer, on this melancholy subject: --- that I may place her, where she lov'd to be, let me leave her in your bosom.

OUT of ten Lottery tickets which I had order'd to be bought, from number 52,233, to number 52,242, inclusive, I have, in obedience to your command, chosen you one, and it is number 52,240. I wish it, what it ought to be---the most *fortunate*, for the most *deserving*! But, if either of my other numbers strikes your fancy, rather than *that*, which I have chosen, please to follow the impulse of your own happier choice, and let me have the honour of your order,
which

which other I shall send you. I will send it by the carrier, who leaves *London* next *Tuesday*, and comes into *Swine-gate*; and *Rany*, (who is your, and Miss *Lowther's* constant humble Servant,) will have me suffer her to put up with it a little scratch of a copy, which the girls have contriv'd to draw, among themselves, from the design, that is now about, for a *monument*, over their dear *Mamma*; by which, as far as it is in my power, I shall still, as it were, keep her in the world; and in some faint manner, restore her, among the living. I am, with great truth and respect,

Madam,

Your most humble

And most obedient Servant,

A. HILL

To Mr POPE.

Sept. 30, 1731.

DEAR SIR,

YOU are very good, and obliging:—
your last letter came not to my hands
'till yesterday; I will thank you for it, in
person, one day, next week, if possible, and
give you notice, a day before.

My daughter, under encouragement of
your invitation, promises herself the pleasure
of admiring your gardens; and wishes the
weather may continue, as it is, 'till I can
give her the opportunity of an afternoon's
walk in them.

My Brother is writing over another copy
of the Tragedy, which I will take the li-
berty to put, a second time, into your hands,
as soon as it is ready: I propose no benefit,
to myself, from it, leaving its profits to the
players: but, as I know it necessary, to pre-
pare the expectation of persons of the first
rank, if one would wish a play that kind of
fame which noise can give it, (and without
which indeed it were to no purpose, to have
it

it brought on the stage,) I am therefore, greatly oblig'd, by the hope, you permit me to nourish, that you will suffer it to pass, thro' your hand, to the notice of some of those, whose speaking of it, with favour, will be a direction to others, how far they may *dare* to be pleas'd with it. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most oblig'd

And affectionate Servant.

A. HILL.

To DAVID MALLET, Esq;

Oct. 2, 1731.

DEAR SIR,

I COULD not read your *Epitaph*, on the death of Mr. *Aikman*, after his son, without a concern, that was, at once, the strongest, and the sincerest praise, I was capable of giving it—It is elegantly comprehensive, and significantly mournful; and has a melancholy strength of tenderness, running every where, thro' it. The turn of the last line puts me in mind of something

thing, I have, a thousand times, been charm-
ed with in a couplet, by Sir *Henry Wotton*,
upon the death of Sir *Albertus Moreton*, and
his *Lady*; written in the reign of King
Charles the first.

He, first deceas'd----She, for a little, try'd
To live without him--lik'd it not, and dy'd.

It is so natural a transition, from King
Charles the first, to the house of *Montrose*,
that this is the properest place, in my let-
ter, to express my *participation* of your con-
cern for my *Lord Marquis's* danger. I have
heard of great, and sudden cures, in far
gone consumptions, from effect of a very
simple remedy. A pint, to a quart a day of
Coffee, boil'd in *Milk*, instead of *Water*; and
taken, at pleasure, like other *milk Coffee*.---
Surprizing *changes* have been wrought in a
fortnight, by this humble *recipe*: And I
should be impertinent enough, to play the
quack, and send you a *dose of reasonings* upon
the operation, and its causes, if I thought,
that could prevail on you, to recommend the
experiment. For it would please me, to be
a means of lengthening out the *life* of a GRA-
HAM, because there have been *deaths*, a-
mong their ancestors, which deserve to make
their posterity, *immortal*.

I MUST

I MUST not forget to thank you, for the promise of writing at length, upon your story of *Gracchus*: whatever subject you write on, one would wish you to write, at length, because the *longest*, of your letters, appear *short*, when your friends receive them.

YOUR observation, on the complex names of Tragedies, is, I think, a very *just* one; and ought to determine me in restoring that of *Athelwold*, to mine. But the *Cæsars*, *Alexanders*, *Timoleons*, *Catos*, are names, so noted, in history, that they awaken expectation, as the *Euridices* and *Sophonissas* are so musical, in their sounds, that they seem to bespeak our partiality, in their favour: and are, therefore, the properest titles for Plays, for which they are the subjects; whereas *Athelwold*, being neither noted, nor sounding enough, to carry such a weight of distinction, I was afraid, it might be necessary, to point at some meaning, in the title.

I AM charm'd, by your generosity, in hastening to offer an engagement, of your friends, in favour of this Tragedy---From most other writers, it would have surpriz'd

me, but I cannot consent to your doing it. Reserve all your influence for a Tragedy, in *support* of which, I dare say, the *whole town* will be of *one* mind, and find no room for repentance. As I leave the *profit* of mine, to the *Players*, I have no other interest, in its success on the *stage*, than the silly propensity, we have to share an *applause*, which we know to be *blind*; and to value ourselves, upon being thought well of, by *that multitude*, of whose *taste*, at the same time, we cannot forbear to think *despicably*.

THE *Play* is design'd to come on, before *Christmas*; but Mrs *Oldfield* being *dead*, Mrs *Porter* *lost* to the *stage*, and Mr. *Booth*, scarce capable of acting this season, I am at a loss, how these characters will be sustain'd, which *they* were to have *represented*.

BUT, whatever may become of the characters, in my *Tragedy*, there is one, in my *life*, which I shall always be careful to maintain, in its fullest spirit, and it is *that* of,

Dear Sir,

Your most faithfully affectionate

And most obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. WILKS.

OCT. 23, 1731.

S I R,

I SEND you a *new* copy of the *Generous Traitor*, and beg the favour of you, to return me the *old* one. I have added two, or three scenes, in the third and fifth acts, which, I believe, will have a stronger effect on an audience, than all the rest of the Play; but I cannot allow myself the merit of this improvement, without confessing, that I owe it to a *hint* that Mr. Cibber gave me, for which I desire you to thank him, in my name; for I shall think myself, unworthy the benefit of a good advice, if ever I grow weak enough, to be above the acknowledgement of it.

I wish him, also, to know that I, now, no longer, remember with a *parent's* animosity, the *murder* he committed on my *Epilogue* to *Eurydice*. He ought, like his *Cid*, to be forgiven; because his *service* was of so much more importance, than his *offence* was. I only beg of him, for the future,

to suspend the execution of any of my writings, till I have agreed to his sentence.

At *Twittenbam*, the other day, in discourse with Mr *Pope*, he was proposing the proper name, of *Athelwold*, as a better title, than the *Generous Traitor*: But, upon considering some reasons for the contrary opinion, it remain'd a matter of doubt, with us, which was best, of the two. I wish, you would be so good, as to decide it.

THERE are many different reports, concerning Mr *Booth*, and Mrs *Porter*: Pray oblige me, with your thoughts, in a line, with the copy; ---- will this Tragedy have the advantage of their acting in it?

As soon as the time draws near, I will shew you, by a few light drawings, a beautiful, and no expensive occasion, for a novelty in the old *Saxon* dresses; which will not only carry more propriety, than the *modern*, but an equal grace, with the *Greek* or *Roman*; and may be form'd, upon their spare ground-work; yet, appear quite *new* to the audience. I am, Sir,

Your most humble,

And most obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. WILKS.

Oct. 28, 1731.

SIR,

I SEND you, herewith, the shadows of a set of dresses for the *Generous Traitor*. You must not expect *drawings*. They are, however, plainly enough mark'd, to give *Ideas*, of their meaning: At least, they will, when I have further explain'd them to you, which I shall soon have the pleasure of doing in person.

LEOLYN, because a *Briton*, ought not to have his habit *Saxon* all; the rest have the authority of *Verstegan's Antiquities*, for the ground-work of their appearance; only I need not observe to you, that some *Heightenings* were necessary, because *beauty* must be join'd to *propriety*, where the decoration of the stage, is the purpose to be provided for.

For this reason, too, I had regard to a *contrast* of colours, in the several parts of each person's dress; and in those of the whole number, with respect to their appearance, together. These are little things, but I have often observed that their effect is not little,

To

To say nothing, as to *impropriety*, in the custom of dressing characters *so far back, in time*, after the common fashions of our days, it weakens *probability*, and cuts off, in great measure, what *most strikes* an audience; for it relaxes the pomp of Tragedy, and the generality, being led, by the *eye*, can conceive nothing extraordinary, where they *see* nothing uncommon. It is, also, worth notice, that a fine, natural *shape*, receives great *advantage*, from a well-imagined turn of *habit*, and an aukward, unnatural one has an *air*, that *burlesques* dignity without it.

THE *Furrs*, which you will observe pretty frequent, in the *figures*, are a prime *distinction*, in the *old Saxon* habits; and will have something of a *grandeur*, not without *beauty*: but they need not be *real* furrs---many cheap *imitations* will have the same effect, at the distance, they will be seen from. Most other parts of the dresses may be compleated, by giving *new* uses, to the *old* reserves of your wardrobe; for if I do not mistake, it is rather *fancy*, than *ex-pence*, that does the business in these cases.

As

As to the *coronets*, it was the custom of those times, for persons of *high rank*, to wear them, upon *common*, as well as *extraordinary* occasions; but they must be distinguished, more than they are in the papers, to point out the different degrees; and worn in a more becoming position, higher off from the forehead, and a little leaning to one side. There is an advantage will attend the use of their long *single feather*, beyond that of the *plume* -- It will be light, and may be worn, throughout five acts, without warmth or inconvenience.

I should chuse, for the reason I gave you, in a former, to have the *Play* come on in *December*; but will delay, if you please, to make a *cast* of the *parts*, till after I have talked with you, on that subject. For I would not, willingly, find *your* notions, in any thing, disagreeing with *his*, who is, from his heart,

Sir,

Your most humble

And most obedient Servant.

A. HILL.

To Mr. POPE.

Oct. 29, 1731.

DEAR SIR,

BEGINNING to fear, I shall not have the pleasure of returning to *Richmond*, this season, I take the freedom of replacing *Athelwold* in your hands, with the scenes I have added, lately.

BUT, observing some new marks of your pencil, in places, which you had formerly distinguished, in the same manner, I am obliged, (for fear, you should think me fonder of my follies than I really am) to confess, that, when I altered all the rest of the places, I left these few, as they were, because my judgment could not, so clearly as it wished, fall in with your objections.

IN the first, for instance, instead of --- shorten your *meant* absence--you would read it -- to make your absence *shorter*. -- Methinks, your correction intends but one signification, that is-- to make his absence *shorter* than he *meant to make it*. And, in that sense, it is exactly the same, as my own,

But,

But, to make his absence *shorter*, is equivocal, and, therefore, not elegant. His absence could not be *shorter*, than it *was*.--It might be *shorter*, than he *intended* it.

If I am doubtful, too, in your second exception, against *wishes*, in the plural, I shall have your second thoughts on my side; for *Athelwold* had wanted delicacy, had he said, that *Ethelinda* blessed his *wish*; as if he had felt but *one*, only, which the *ladies* would have called a *gross* one, unaccompanied with those politer, of partiality, tenderness, and confidence, from a mistress, who could *bless* him, in one general possession, with all those different accomplishments, he had *wished* for, among women.

BUT, it would look, like growing serious, upon a trifle, should I go on, in this manner, and expect you to read all the reasons, I could give, in defence of the other places. And you will conclude, I have such as, I think, you would approve of; since I send you the Play, again, with all those places, unaltered.

It is time to forbear persecuting you, about this Tragedy:-- It is to come on before

fore *Christmas*: But, tho' you have given me leave, to tax your condescension with some concern for its success, it will, I fear, be too much to wish, you would recommend it to an assembly, or two, of the leaders, in parties of this nature, as a Play, to be acted for the benefit of the house, not the author; who has no other interest, in their encouraging its reception, but the distinction of having *power to please*, at a time, when Tragedy seems to have lost all its influence.

PERHAPS, this is too much for the Play; -- I am sure, it is too much for the author: And, therefore, if you have any reason, (which you *may* have, and I not apprehend it) why this would, in the least, be an improper step for you to take, I shall, sincerely be pleased, that you decline it. -- For I have better reasons, than any, which concern myself, to be,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate,

And obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

P. S. I long to hear when your *Ethic* piece is to be published.

To

To the Countess of Suffolk.

OCT. 30, 1731.

MADAM,

MR. POPE has desired me to send this Tragedy, in his name, to the Lady in the world, I should most *wish* to have it with, could any thing be found, in it, deserving the distinction.

It cannot be without delight, that I put *Athelwold* into a hand, for which he would have been proud to give up *Elfrid's*; if, in *life*, I could have given him my sentiments, with the authority which his *death* has lent me.

I HAVE no pretence to tax your condescension, with any concern for the *success* of this Play, or I should, most earnestly, wish your vote in its favour; tho' I have no meaner interest, in its good, or ill fortune, than the *ambition* of some power to *please*.

BUT, whatever reception it may meet with, from the public, it can never have been

been written in vain, since Mr. *Pope* has partiality enough to believe, it will be agreeable to such a taste, as the *Countess of Suffolk's*, whose servant I have the honour to be,

With the utmost Obedience,

And Devotion,

A. HILL.

To Mr. WILKS.

Nov. 4, 1731.

S I R,

I WAS so justly charmed with the grace, and spirit of your action, the other night, at the *Provoked Husband*, that I left the box, convinced, beyond all question, there is nothing in *Athelwold*, that can break in upon a vigour, so delightfully existing.

LET me, therefore, before I cast the parts, on *Monday*, or *Tuesday* next, assure you, there are unexceptionable judges, so far of my opinion, that it has, for some days past, been in my power to see my desire enforced, from a hand, you could not refuse it to. But I would not hear of such a step; because,

because, where your *health* is concerned, I would never forgive myself the smallest likelihood of *impairing* it.

YET, I cannot help wishing, I had so much influence with Mr. *Wilks*, as to owe a *change* in his purpose, to his own desire of obliging me, which the respect I have for him, allows me not to *obtain*, from any *will* but his *own*.

WOULD I could, before *Monday*, receive the agreeable news, that you consent to charm the town, in a part, which I will stake my *credit* on the great and unexpected success of, in *your* hands; and which, both *nature* and *art* have so marked you to *become*, and to *shine* in.

BUT, if I am absolutely denied this repeated sollicitation, let me forwarn you, not to be surprized, if I *cast* it not to your expectation.

I AGREE with you, that Mr *Mills* would do it well. --- Mr *Mills* is a great favourite of mine; and it must be a disadvantage, I cannot think of, to cast *Edgar* into any hands but *his*. That is a part, equal to *Athelwold's*,

H

but

but of a different turn, and requires such a gracefulness of figure, as *his*, together with that fullness, elevation, and articulate clearness of voice, which he is so able to furnish it with.

THE character of *Edgar* is, hot, fiery, impatient, disdainful, open, and imperious. — And the *voice*, to represent these passions, should be raised, strong, ardent, and triumphant. — Whereas, in *Athelwold*, whose character is, tenderness, with spirit; and distress, with magnanimity; who is soft, airy, amorous, and afflicted; there is required a *voice*, rather touching, than full; rather plaint, than lofty; --- It should be piercing, yet plaintive; impressive, yet broken; and flexible, tho' striking --- spirited, at once, and mournful. --- It should rise and fall, like his *passions*; and rather lift, and depress the *heart*, than fill the *ear*, with its exactness.

If (in case you persist to refuse the part) it should be possible to find *some person*, in the house, of *figure* any way tolerable, with a *voice*, that has not yet been exerted, to the natural extent of its capacity, -- the *contrast* will be very *striking*, between the majestic
energy

energy and roundness in Mr. *Mills*, and the broken, yet emphatical variety, in the swells and sinkings of the other. -- This will be difficult, I know; but, I believe, not unattainable; though it would charm me, would you be so good, as to spare me the pains of seeking it.

I HOPE, I am not to interpret your silence, on my sketches of the *Saxon* habits, as a mark of disinclination to dress the Play. --- I cannot, for the reason in my last, entertain any thoughts of seeing it dressed in the modern manner; and, if you apprehend the habits, I propose, to want *beauty*, it arises from my not having rightly expressed them, in those papers.

I OUGHT not to have pressed you, again, on this subject, of your acting *Athelwold*; but, every time I see you, I am furnished with new reluctance to its being done by any body else. --- The motive should, therefore, be an excuse for the trouble, from,

Sir,

Your most Obedient,

And most humble Servant,

H 2

A. HILL.

To Lord TYRCONNEL.

Nov. 22, 1731.

MY LORD,

WHILE I was recollecting an unpaid acknowledgment, due, from the time of your Lordship's journey to *Belton*, I am out of countenance, to perceive, by Mr. *Savage*, how much further, you are bringing me in debt, to your goodness.

Your Lordship's inclination, to *hear* the Tragedy of *Atbelwold*, must be the effect of a kind opinion, which, I wish, it may be thought to deserve. -- But your engaging so considerable an assembly to be *present*, ought to make me afraid, lest the countenance you would give my Play, involves your judgment, in a censure, that ought to reach but your generosity.

I WILL venture, however, to submit it to your Lordship's candor; since honest sentiments, I know, have a kind of claim to your approbation, never willingly refused, but to the ungrateful, or the designing; among whom will hardly be found *his* name, who has the honour to profess himself,

My Lord, Your, &c.

A. HILL.

To Mr. DODINGTON.

Dec. 16, 1731.

SIR,

YOU would wonder, if I should tell you, that this Tragedy pretends a title to your favour.

It is *that* title, whereby a *stranger*, when ill used, among *foreigners*, claims the safeguard of his countrymen's houses.

You are, too eminently, a poet, not to scorn the decisions of prejudice, or partiality; and it is my satisfaction, that, should this Play be worth any thing, it will lie safe, in such closets as yours,

"Till party rage shall droop, thro' length
of days,

"And *calumny* be ripen'd into *praise*."

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient

And most humble Servant,

H 3

A. HILL.

To Lord TYRCONNEL.

Dec. 16, 1731.

MY LORD,

A VERY troublesome cold, got, at the rehearsal of this tragedy, has prevented me, too long, from bringing my thanks to your Lordship, for the honour of your visit, and for that elegant obligation, I am under, to your generosity, in favour of *Atbelwold*.

As to popular opinion, it is too light and cheap a distinction, to give *pleasure* or *pain*, to the writer of any thing that deserves to be called Tragedy:-- And, I assure your Lordship, I had rather it should move the heart of one good man, than the hands of a thousand; and, if any thing can be sincerer, than my *contempt* of its public reception, it is the concern I shall feel, should it want power to touch your Lordship, when you allow it a private reading. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obliged,

And obedient humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. POPE.

Dec. 17, 1731.

DEAR SIR,

I OUGHT, sooner, to have thanked you, for the pleasure you have given me, by that excellent letter to Lord Burlington. -- If the title had been *Of False Taste*, would it not have been properer?

WE have *Poets*, whom heaven visits with a *taste*, as well as planters and builders. -- What other inducement could provoke some of them, to mistake your epistolary relaxation of numbers, for an involuntary defect in your versification?

WE have printers, too, of better *taste* than *morals*, who like you so well, that they cannot endure, you should be made a monopoly. -- The *hawker's* wind is upon you, already; and your last incense, to the muses, is blown about the streets, in thinner, and less fragrant expansions. -- The pictures of your *mind*, like those of other great men's *persons*, are to be multiplied and extended, that we may have you at whole length, and in miniature.

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I SEND

I SEND you a piece, that is safe enough, from this danger: -- *Athelwold* will have nothing to *fear*, from the *pirates*: I believe, I need not inform you, how it dragg'd itself along, for two lean nights, after the first; as lame, and as wounded, as the snake, in your poem -- but, not half so delightfully.

IT would be affectation, not modesty, to deny, that I am nettled at the monstrous reception, which the *town* has given this Tragedy. -- But, I find, there is a two-fold obligation, upon a tragic writer, if he would engage attention at our theatres.---He must make *Audiences*, as well as *Plays*.---He must become the solicitor of his own commendation.---That is, in other words, if he *desires* to be *known*, he must *deserve* to be *forgotten*.

BATING the reverence, due to fashion,--this is putting the *Poet* upon the foot of the *Prize-fighter*. -- He must not only submit himself to be *wounded*, for the *public Diversion*, but must also march about, with his *drum*, from one end of the town to the other, to stir up *fools curiosity*, and draw together the company.

I SHOULD

I SHOULD feel the liveliest indignation, upon such an occasion, as this, in the cause of *another* : But, as the case is *my own*, I think,--and *smile*,--and am *satisfied*.-- I had rather be *neglected*, to my *mortification*, than become *popular*, to my *infamy*.

It is possible, after all, that some persons of *rank*, and distinction to *bespeak* Plays, and compel audiences, may be kind enough to *Athelwold*, to introduce him, now and then, into civiler company, for the sake of the *Players*.-- It were a downright shame, if these good people, who gave the Tragedy all its merit, of fine dressing and *sceneing*, should be suffered to lose their money, while the good for nothing author, who was guilty of the *dull* part of the entertainment, has lost nothing, but his labour.---But enough of this subject.

I HOPE the good lady, whose illness hastened you home, found a recovery, in your return.---*Who* can blame her for missing you, in a world, so few are like you?-- Believe me, with much acknowledgment and esteem, Dear Sir,

Your faithful and obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. POPE.

Dec. 23. 1731.

S I R,

YOUR letter, dear Sir, which I have this moment receiv'd, occasions me a double pain. The *fear*, which yours ends with, ought to give a *beginning* to mine; because I am, too sincerely, your *friend*, not to feel *myself*, first mov'd, by what concerns *you*, most nearly. I hope, however, your *joy*, for that good lady's recovery, will be the next of your *passions*, that will be touched, upon this occasion.

CONCERNING your *Epistle*, it is no wonder, that the malice of a little herd of censurers, whom your *wit* has made your *enemies*, would awaken a resentment, of more consequence, than their own. They are glad to *mistake*, if they can make *others* mistake *you*: or, perhaps, they do not misunderstand you, *themselves*, but are conscious, they must seem to *believe*, what they would fix on the *belief* of others.

I AM doubtful, which of these is the case, because, I confess, at the first, and
second

second reading, I was, myself, mistaken in your purpose; and fell into the general construction, that has been put upon the character of *Timon*; but upon a more deliberate examination of the particulars, discern'd those disagreeing circumstances, which have been remark'd, for your justification, with very good success, in yesterday's *Daily's Journal*, and the *Daily Post-boy* of *Wednesday*, by a hand, most able to do you justice,

THAT unguarded absence of caution, which is a mark, by which one may be sure, a purpose was either angry or generous, has prevented you from examining your piece, before it was publish'd, with the sharpness of an eye, that is watchful of occasion to *stander*; or, you would have forseen, that the unlucky name of *Timon*, would be applied, as it has since been, from a present reverse, (as is reported) to the splendor of that great man's fortune. This circumstance has not only help'd on the mistake, but given it malignance, from a kind of pity, which some, who hated his good fortune, from the good uses he made of it, affect now, to feel for his disappointments.

Two or three other *likenesses* concurr'd in the character ; such as the *hundred foot-steps* ; the exact number of his domesticks, for some years, at *Canons*. And the pomp of the chapel, and its musick ; for, whether *jiggish*, or *solemn*, never struck the inquiry of a thousand, who remembered the Duke's magnificence, chiefly, by that circumstance. And as to the many un-resembling particulars ; they are drown'd, like the mistaken predictions, of eleven months, in an Almanack, where the events of the twelfth, come by chance, to be accomplish'd.

I AM of opinion, that the Duke himself can never be among the mistakers. It is with *taste*, as it is with *genius* ; a man, who *feels* he has *either*, will never too lightly *believe* it is *questioned*, by another, whom he knows to possess it.

BUT, that it is a *rule* with me, to consider the letters, I receive from my *friends*, as their own property, *still*, tho' trusted to my *possession*, I could more effectually, convince him, how *he* ought to *think*, by letting him see, how *you* think, on this subject, in an easy, undesigning, natural indignation,

nation, express'd in a *private* letter, than by all the most labour'd endeavours, of yourself, or your friends in *publick*.

It cannot be difficult, to dispossess the town of a notion, whose credit will gradually die away, in proportion to the daily discovery, that is made, of the malicious industry, with which it was propagated: And I dare assert, that your friends are too many, and too sanguine, to let a slander be *long-liv'd*, that is levell'd against your *gratitude*; I use this word by an authority, which I borrow from your own generosity, in the preface to your translation of the *Iliad*. I am so pleas'd, to converse with you, any way, that I forgot, I have scarce room to declare myself.

Dear Sir,

Your most faithfully

Affectionate Servant,

A. HILL.

Jan. 4, 1732.

SIR,

IF in *obedience* to your commands, I have done *injustice* to your meaning, your condescension must take part in the censure, who ought to have remembered, in right of your own fine manner of thinking, that great sentiments, like great beauties, are seen, most to their advantage, when least cover'd with ornament.

I would wish you the distinction, which is due to your merit, if that wish were not, in some measure, a distrust of those great qualities, you have given your great man, and for which (to maintain his claim) I hope, he will give you an equivalent. I am,

Sir,

*Your most obedient**And most humble Servant.*

A. HILL.

Jan. 5, 1732.

SIR,

I THANK you, for your two letters, and am very glad to hear, that Mr. *Booth* is so much better; tho' I have no interest in the *stage*, I know, and love, its influence, too well, to bear without *terror* the least apprehension of its being *forsaken*, by such a *prop*, of its noblest corner.

I WILL be sure to write for you such a farce, as Mr. *Booth* describ'd: I will set about it, the first leisure hour, and you shall have it in a few days: I had a thought, that came into my head, last night, that will take, into the compass of an act, the different humour and strength, of *Harlequin*, Mr *Stoppelear*, Miss *Rastor*, Mr *Griffin*, and Mr *Harper*: And, to say truth, one great cause of want of success is, that things are not, from time to time, prepar'd on purpose to give occasion, to *set to show*, the various talents in the company.

HERE, it naturally comes into my mind, what you write of Mr *Cibber, junior*,—that he seem'd more pleas'd with your Tragedy,

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in general, than with the particular part of *Gonsalvo*. Perhaps, this might be so, at his first hearing it read — But I know his understanding, too well, to suppose it possible, he will continue, in that opinion, when he comes, himself, to read, and consider the character: I am, absolutely, in Mr Booth's sentiment, that *Gonsalvo's* is the best part, in the Play: At least, I am sure, it will appear the most glaring, in *action*; for the spirit, and turn of it is, of a *new cast*, in Tragedy, and will, infallibly, in Mr Cibber's hands, be the favourite character. To say the truth, tho' *he* could act well, either *Gonsalvo* or *Bellarion*, nobody *but he*, can do justice to *Gonsalvo*. In any other hand, the peculiar mixture of humour, and levity, with high greatness, and dignity, would be sunk into *buffconery*, or over-swell'd into *declamation*. Pray, when you see him, give my service to him, and tell him, I make it my request, that he will accept *that* part, in your Tragedy.

To return again, to the farce—I observe one thing, in your letter, which I think quite wrong—and that is the not adding it to the Play, till the fourth night. By this, you expose the second to the danger of being a thin one;

in which case, the farce will seem tack'd to it afterwards, as I have seen a team to a fett of coach-horses, to give'em strength to get out of the mire ; whereas all success is secur'd, by saying in the bills for the very first night. " To which will be added, &c. A new Farce, by the same author, never acted before, by way of *epilogue* to the Tragedy." I design to call it, the *Maggot*, from which you may venture to prophesy, it will not, at least, be *dull*, tho' it should happen to be *filly*.

I AM sorry Mr *Weaver's* Pantomime is a serious one. Besides, there must, I fear, be a visible impropriety, from the choice of the story. People will expect to see the Goddesses *naked*, for, so, *Paris* saw them ; and the name of the Pantomime ought to be, a *PIG in a POKE*, if he pretends to judge of their *shapes*, thro' their *stays*, and their *petticoats*.

BEFORE I close my letter, what do you intend to do with the part of *Belfort*. I suppose you intend to give it to Mr *Mills* ; I know, he will be very well receiv'd by the town ; but there is a distress, a heart-rending tenderness---a weight, and a *something*

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thing to be felt---which Mr Mills will no farther enter into, than a *Snail* into a *pavement*. He will throw it off, with a good intelligible roundness of voice. But, as *Belfort* says many things, which you did not intend should die on the *ear*, I could wish an impression like *that* of an *engraver on copper*; whereas that of *some actors* is, like strokes, which we draw in water---they are no sooner *made*, than *forgotten*.

WHAT, if Mr *Cibber, senior*, would take upon him this part? as the walk would be *new* to him, it would be an encrease to his reputation; for I am confident, he could touch it in a strong, and natural perfection, and there will be no strain upon his voice; because tho' the passions are active, they are all, of the *suffering* species. Try him, I am persuaded, it will be of great service to your Play, and to the company. I am,

Sir,

Your most obedient

Humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr HANDEL.

Dec. 5, 1732.

S I R,

I OUGHT sooner, to have return'd you my hearty thanks, for the silver ticket, which has carried the obligation farther, than to myself; for my daughters are, both such lovers of musick, that it is hard to say, which of them is most capable of being charm'd by the compositions of Mr *Handel*.

HAVING this occasion of troubling you with a letter, I cannot forbear to tell you the earnestness of my wishes, that, as you have made such considerable steps towards it, already, you would let us owe to your inimitable genius, the establishment of *musick*, upon a foundation of good poetry; where the excellence of the *sound* should be no longer dishonour'd, by the poorness of the *sense* it is chain'd to.

My meaning is, that you would be resolute enough, to deliver us from our *Italian bondage*; and demonstrate, that *English* is soft enough for Opera, when compos'd by
I 2 poets,

poets, who know how to distinguish the *sweetness* of our tongue, from the *strength* of it, where the last is less necessary.

I AM of opinion, that male and female voices may be found in this kingdom, capable of every thing, that is requisite; and, I am sure, a species of dramatic Opera might be invented, that, by reconciling reason and dignity, with musick and fine machinery, would charm the *ear*, and hold fast the *heart*, together.

SUCH an improvement must, at once, be lasting, and profitable, to a very great degree; and would, infallibly, attract an universal regard, and encouragement.

I AM so much a stranger to the nature of your present engagements, that, if what I have said, should not happen to be so practicable, as I conceive it, you will have the goodness to impute it only to the zeal, with which I wish you at the head of a design, as solid, and unperishable, as your musick and memory. I am,

Sir,

Your most obliged,

And most humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr BOOTH.

Dec. 22, 1732.

SIR,

THE weight, which your recommendation must ever carry with it, determin'd me to do, what you desir'd for Mr. *Viſtor*, with a diſpatch, and a care, which have made him early enough for the flower of the ſeaſon, and I hope ſtrong enough to be of ſervice to the company; whoſe preſent condition, by a concurrence of ill accidents, is in the common voice of the town, declar'd hopeleſs.

It is the ſevereſt of their miſfortunes, that *you* are, yet, incapable of giving a new turn to the town's opinion. *Troy* would fall, did *Achilles* once determine to quit his *Tent*. Will you pardon the effect of a zeal for your intereſt, if I aſk you, whether it could be of any ill conſequence to yourſelf, to appear in ſuch a *Prologue*, as is fit, at ſuch a time, for ſuch a ſpeaker? Among a number of advantages, which might attend it, methinks, the following are obvious.

THE *Town* would be *oblig'd*, to an inexpressible degree : The *contempt*, they begin to entertain of the company's suppos'd *weakness*, (for they despair of your ever appearing again,) would be chang'd into a general partiality and benevolence. The *Boxes* would, nightly, be *full*, before six o'clock for fear of not coming, in time, to *see* and *bear* Mr *Booth*. So, attention is secur'd to the first act of the Play, and, in all likelihood, a long *run* to the Tragedy.

IF this should be so, it were the easiest thing in the world, to prepare, in that interval, little *significant* interludes of singing, dancing, and harlequinades, consisting of as many Acts, as the Play's, and succeeding them (the Acts) regularly, in short, apt sallies, so as to give the same force to your *oldest* stock Plays (which the *town* has as much, by *heart*, as the players) as if they were all, *new*, and *good* ones.

I DON'T know whether I explain myself enough by the word, *significant* : But my meaning is, that these little things should have *spirit* and *purpose* ; and tho' they might be got ready, as fast, as they can
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be wanted, or wish'd for, yet, they should be so contriv'd, as to contain the *whole* (*comick and musical*) *strength* of the company.

I HEAR it, every where, complain'd of, that your light entertainments are deficient, in point of fancy : and, in truth, it is evident, that it is not, in these cases, the *expensive magnificence* of *scenery* that does the business ; but a certain *oddness*, vivacity, and surprize, in the novelty of the contrivance.

I AM running into a length, that I did not intend : my only purpose being to offer, to your thoughts, the *hint* of your appearing in a *Prologue* ; first, to awaken the *town* into *new* hope, that they may be pleas'd again at *Drury-lane* ; and then continue, actually, to *please* them, by some such new spirit, as I have touch'd upon, in the turn of their entertainments.

AFTER this, I have nothing to add, but that I *must* always be, what I always have been,

Sir,

Your sincerest admirer,

And most obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr BOOTH.

Dec. 25, 1732.

S I R,

YOU cannot imagine, what pleasure it gives me, to see you disposed to remember the spirit of sulphur, which I sent you last year. I have a *private*, and a *public* regard for your health: The part I bear, in every *good* or *ill*, that concerns the *man* I am charmed by; and the obligation I am under, to concur with the *wishes* of a people.

It would give me pain, to be thought capable of an unweigh'd advice, upon such an important occasion. But, it was evident, from what you told me, of your symptoms, and, from what I observed, when I looked on you, that, in order to strike at the *root*, it must be necessary to temper and subdue a corrosive and acrimonious *bile*; to the heat and excess whereof, I impute your fever, and its consequences.

If, in order to preserve health, the *bilious*, and *pancreatic* juices, must operate, with a kind of balance of their contrary qualities, in

in the act of digestion ; the natural effect of a bile, too volatile, and exalted, must be an over-active stimulation, by which the alimentary substance will be hurried into the blood, before digestion is perfected ; rendering it viscid, and apt to stick, and bring on obstructions.

HENCE *jaundices*, and a long train of mischiefs ; to remove all which, by removing the cause, such a generous *acid*, as spirit of sulphur, conveys to the deficient side, an easy and immediate assistance ; and, by invigorating the languor of the *pancreatic*, checks the acrimony of the *bilious* juice ; and so, to talk with the faculty, the *chyle* becomes *laudable*.

THIS prevents all *increase* of the distemper ; but, to dislodge the clammy humours, which have been thrown upon the vessels already, I believe there is nothing so effectual, or so pleasant, as the use of some such dilutent liquid, as the *Islington waters*, brought you fresh every morning. For that will temper the heat ; *thin* and *cool* the blood ; and, by promoting excretion of all kinds, soon, and safely, discharge the obstruction.

As

As to the *Play-house*, which is sick of a distemper, less dangerous than yours, its cure is also much more *easy*.---Tho' *Tragedy* is what ought to please most--it is too provoking a truth, that it does not. -- What have you therefore to do, but, with *Ben Johnson*,

Forbear, to give them *wheat*,
Since they will *acorns* eat!

It is easier, to invent *ten taking Farces*, and *Pantomimes*, than plan the conduct of *one good Tragedy*; and, while the smallest pains will be most liberally paid for, *why* is not the force of your company (much strongest, on this weak side) exerted to its fullest capacity? --- You have *dancers, singers, painters, comic actors*, certainly superior to your *Rivals*; but the defect is, your entertainments, of this kind, are not enough originals; they keep too imitative an eye upon one, who is, himself, but an impostor of *French buffoonery*.

NUGIS addere pondus, should be the motto to a pantomime theatre; -- I don't mean, that these light things should carry *dulness*, instead of *weight*, by too grave, or too serious.

rious a cast--yet there ought to be *purpose* and *point*. It is impossible, that any man should laugh, with less pleasure, only because he has *reason*, as well as *humour*, for laughing; and were the tricks of *Harlequin* connected into a *thread*, and the consequences of some story and design, they might, undoubtedly, be more lively, more various, more extravagant, and surprizing; and, yet, give *pleasure*, without *shame*; both which we now receive, together. Every little fancy affords occasion, to join *meaning* with *show*. - The pretty scene of a *hay-cart*, in your *country revels* (which has little effect, as it is) might have given room for changes, odd whims, and extravagancies, to have kept the house in a roar, for eight or ten minutes, together, at an expence of ten or fifteen pounds only. --- The *water-mill*, in one of your Pantomimes, is an instance, how much, little, unexpected oddnesses, can divert our fashionable audiences.

In short, were I concerned in your patent, I should think some such scheme as the following, most likely to secure the town's partiality, in favour of that company.

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As for *new* Plays, I should wish, unless they had a very distinguishing merit, never to bring on any : For, to what, but the frequency of *vile* ones, is it owing, that, instead of a raised expectation, people come maliciously bent, to a *new* Play, as depending on the customary nonsense. Whereas, in a theatre, where nothing but what, at least, deserves to succeed, is admitted, it would soon become the mode, to expect pleasure at a *new* Play ; and the audiences would bring their *good nature* along with them, and leave their *cat-calls* behind them.

THE appetite of the public, being too depraved for *plain* meats, should be humoured with *seasonings* and *spices* : For which reason, instead of *Tragedy*, they should have *dramatic opera* ; and, instead of *comedy*, *comic opera*. They should, every year, have an entire *new pantomime*, or two, strongly *plan'd*, and enliven'd with as much *humour*, and as wanton a vein of *gaiety*, *machinery*, and *bustle*, as possible ; -- and the whole so contrived, as to introduce aptly, (and not by head and shoulders) all the strength of the company, as to singing, dancing, &c. in character.

IF, in the intervals, between any two entertainments of this kind, there should arise a necessity to play a round of the old Tragedies, or Comedies, on the stock, I should think it necessary to re-inforce them, with auxiliary *farces*, and whimsical *interludes*, whereby to give them the influence of novelty, and refresh that *satiety*, which the town has so many years complained of.

THERE are fifty *old Plays*, which have never been *acted*, in the memory of man ; and which (as they are) could never *deserve* to be revived ; which, yet, might, in a very little time, receive additions and alterations, to fit them for bringing on, either as dramatic, or as comic operas ; and give them a probability of running into applause, and doing infinite service to the company.

NAY, even a humourous song, of some length, and in character, made and composed to the taste current, for Mrs *Rafter* and *Stoppelear*, might sometimes have, in a manner, the effect of an intire entertainment.

BUT why am I teaching *Hannibal* the art of war ? -- only because it is usual to lay aside

side all *reserve*, when in company with those, whose interests we wish well to; and while I am *writing* to Mr. Booth, I am *talk- ing* to him: It is, therefore, the *less a won- der*, if I know not when to leave off.--I de- signed to have writ, this morning, but have been prevented by company all day, and it is now too late, to send you the letter, 'till to-morrow. I will wish you a good night, though I am not within hearing; but I am always your most constant admirer, and

Your most humble Servant.

A. HILL.

To Mr POPE.

Jan. 16, 1733.

S I R,

I THANK you, with a double pleasure, for the present of your Epistle, *Of the use of riches*; because it brought me a proof, that you have good-nature enough, to remember one, who must have *seemed* not to have deserved the distinction. But my reason for not acknowledging, sooner, the due sense I have of many other favours, you have been so obliging, as to intend me, is, from an oc-
 casion,

caſion, I have in view, of doing it very ſhortly.

I AM ſorry, *The man of Roſs*, who is, ſo beautifully, your *theme*, is not, like the *Thames* to Sir *John Denham*, your *example* alſo.--You will ſtart, I make no doubt, at an accuſation you are ſo unconſcious of deſerving.--Yet, we know ourſelves too little! and I muſt, in ſpite of my friendship, join the world, in its cenſure of this manifeſt defect in your conduct, who can ſuppoſe it ſufficient, to ſhake over us, now and then, a thin ſprinkling, from ſtores ſo inex- hauſtibly rich and deſirable!

I wiſh you an increaſe of happineſs, and of health, in this, and every new year; and am,

Sir,

Your moſt faithful,

And obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. POPE.

May 16, 1733.

DEAR SIR,

I CAN assure you, with great truth and pleasure, that I never pass a day without thinking of you: And, but for this, I should be ashamed to remember, how long it is since I ought to have thanked you, for an imitation not to be imitated. I must own, there is a spirit, in the honest vivacity of that piece, that charmed me to the soul. In your other writings, I am pleased by the *poet*; I am, here, in love with the *man*.

I WAS, lately, looking among my papers, and met with the copy of some lines, I sent you, five or six years ago, from *Newcastle*, in one of my journeys to *Scotland*.---It was loosely, and negligently dressed; and, designing to let it be seen in the world, I have brushed off the dust of the road, and, I wish I could say, made it fit for your reception.

IN a conversation, a year or two since, concerning the affairs of the stage, you told me,

me, that there was a patent, in the hands of one of the *Davenants*, of which no use was made, and which you seem'd to think it easy to procure an assignment of.

METHINKS, this must have been the *Killygrew patent*; for *that*, which was granted to Sir *William Davenant*, is the patent, under which Mr. *Rich* now acts.

I SHOULD be very much obliged to you, for an information, of what you know, concerning this patent; you shall shortly have my reason for this curiosity in,

Dear Sir, Yours, &c.

A. HILL.

To Mr. HIGHMORE.

July 5, 1733.

SIR,

THE late revolt of your *mercenaries*, would, like all other *factions*, have been inflamed, by too violent measures; and encouraged, by apprehensions, too manifest: --- You have *steered*, like an able *pilot*, between both these extreams; and the season,

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allowing

allowing them a due time for reflection, will reduce things, I hope, to their old situation.

IN the interim, since this accident has made you so busy, that I might not, perhaps, so soon as I wish, enjoy the pleasure of your conversation, I shall write you my sentiments, and leave them to your judgment.

I don't know, whether one ought to be most diverted, or amazed, at that extraordinary conceit of the *Players*--*That the stage has been so highly improved, since the Patent fell under their management.*

I CONSIDER no action of Sir *Richard Steel's*, with so little regard for his memory, as that *lazy delegation*, since he procured his authority upon pretences, directly opposite to the use he made of it, in an assignment, so unworthy the parade of his application. --- To me, it seems an insult upon the common sense of mankind, to suffer these people to boast of their *capacity* for managing a Theatre, while they are giving *proofs* to the public, every night they appear, that they neither *know how to judge, or act, or speak,*
with

with so much as tolerable propriety, or the least grace of decorum.

IF, to have surfeited the town, with a choaking succession of *absurdities*; -- if, to have *dressed*, instead of *redressed*, Mr. Cibber, and his string of *comedies*; -- if, to consider the *new* pieces, which are offered them, in *no other light*, than whether their authors will make *interest* to support them; -- if, to revive so few old ones, that, like the *French* at an *opera*, our *audiences* are able to bear part with the *actors*; and, finally, if not to have found, made, or left, one promising *genius for the stage*, to succeed to the *fame* of such *notable instructors*: -- If these are the marks of a *capacity*, for *directing* a *Theatre*, then, the *Players* have a *title*, that can never be *questioned*.

BUT, I think, there is no *dispute*, out of the neighbourhood of *Covent Garden*, whether the *stage* ought to be in the *hands* of those, who call themselves *actors*; or of men, who are able to *teach* them, how, indeed, to become *actors*. --- In the *first* case, the partiality of human weakness, and vanity, must, and will ruin a company. In

the *second*, supposing the requisite application, there can be no other objection.

It is needless to remark, to you, what an advantage it would be, to settle a scheme of *your campaign*, now your *forces* are at peace, in their *quarters*. But I would offer to your examination, how far the profits of the patent might be increased, from a more vigorous proceeding, than has been customary, for about three months, before *Christmas*.

THAT first part of the season, being, naturally, the *weakest*, should, methinks, have the *strongest* support. I wonder, therefore, how the fashion came up, to get ready no *new* entertainments, 'till about the beginning of *January*. The town is full enough, and cool enough, before that time of the year, to give all the encouragement that can be wished, were there *novelty enough* in the plays, *then*, brought on, and *merit enough*, in the *acting* of them, to attract and reward curiosity. It were superfluous, to add one inference, which must necessarily be drawn, as to what might be expected, in the *heart* of the season, when your very *opening* shall have given so unusual a taste to the public.

IT

It is true, it would be difficult to procure any stock of *promising* pieces, since *authors* do not chuse to have them brought on, in that early season, because, 'till their friends are all in town, their *benefits* may be liable to suffer : But, in this case, I could recommend an *expedient*, having several fine *old* Plays, properly altered, together with a considerable variety of *new*, and humorous entertainments, in my hands.--Part of the preparation I have been making a long while, with design to attempt a *new Theatre* ; but I have postponed that design, with intention, against next season, to purchase some share in the patent, about which, Mr. *Victor* tells me, you have no exception to my treating with the *Ladies*.

If you please, therefore, I will execute a scheme for your company, from the opening, to *Christmas* next, without any benefit, consideration, or claim, of any kind, further than a fourth part of the clear profits, which shall be made, during that time, for the patent ; and, as to apprehensions of loss, I will indemnify you against any, by making it up, as fast as it happens.

AN agreement, that is founded on such a proposal as this, requiring no change of property, may be presently made, and every party concerned (unless I strangely deceive myself) find an interest in it, without hazard. As to your *deserters*, if they return, they too, I believe, will find it to their benefit. --- If they refuse, they will have the mortification to see themselves less necessary, than they imagine; and the patent supported, at least, as effectually, as with them.

If you favour me, with your concurrence to this proposal, it will be easy to settle measures, for carrying it into *execution*, after a conference, or two, between yourself and,

Sir,

Your most humble,

And obedient Servant,

A. HILL,

To

To Mr. B——R.

August 31, 1733.

DEAR SIR,

THE good news, that you are recovering your strength, has given me so sincere a pleasure, that, instead of sending a congratulation, I might expect to receive one upon it.

As the way, to keep health, when you have regained it, is, by a mixture of *temperance* and *exercise*; the first of which you are sufficiently furnished with in yourself, it ought to be the endeavour of your friends, to draw you into the *last*, by a plot to involve you in *business*.

You have heard of the design, which I have now in hand, of *establishing an academical Theatre, for improving the taste of the stage, and training up young actors and actresses, for the supply of the Patent Theatres*. So runs the declaration, with a view, to obviate the malice and opposition of the other houses, and their patrons. I have, in a manner, the whole company, already formed, and can,

I believe, be in a readiness to open, by the beginning of *November*, at farthest; with a race of Plays and Entertainments, so *new* in themselves, and the manner in which they will be acted, that the *success* will, I think, be *insured* by the *novelty*.

I AM offered a patent, on condition of paying a consideration of 400 *l. per annum*. But, just as I was going to close, with this offer, it occurred to my thoughts, that *you* may easily make interest, to obtain a *licence*, during pleasure, which will do the business, as well as a *patent*, with this considerable difference, in its favour, --- that the four hundred pounds *per annum* will, instead of being lost, upon a person who deserves no regard, make easy the *life* of my *friend*, who is intitled to all my good wishes.

ARE you *sure*, you can get this done? -- If you can, I will take no measures, 'till I have talked with you upon it. In the mean time, I will briefly *hint* to you, the scheme I intend to proceed by.

IN the first place, I shall publish, and get put into all proper hands, a pamphlet explaining the design, and *why* it deserves encouragement.

couragement. -- In the next place, I shall propose a subscription, for six nights, to a Tragedy, and a fashionable folly, in the rear of it, by way of trial, whether the company and design are worth encouraging, or no; submitting the grant, or refusal of the licence, to the public effect of those six nights, upon the opinion of the town in general.

THIS is a condition, that will make it impossible for my Lord Chamberlain, to throw any rub in the way of the licence, which may then be obtained with more facility.

AND, because, in all events, you shall be sure of not wasting your time, if you think you can procure such a subscription, for six nights, (for *Voltaire's Zara*) you shall have half the profits, which may be very considerable, exclusive of the four hundred pounds *per annum*, for the licence, which is to be procured afterward.

THUS I have given you a short scheme of my intention, which, I hope, may contribute, in some measure, to the lasting happiness I wish you. Be so good, to consider,
what

what you judge your interest able to do in it; and, if you are sure you can do it, tell me so, in but two lines, and there is no other person, in the world, shall be thought of, in this affair, by,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate,

And obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

Oct. 8, 1733.

MADAM,

NATURE is so much your friend, that you want but the assistance of *Art*, to make that beauty strong and piercing, which, already, is so soft and pleasing.

THE present condition of the stage, affords a lucky opportunity, for such a person, as Miss ——— would she put on *soul* and *passion*, to transport us, with a kind of new creation.

THE most finished beauty, without the force and spirit that should animate the stage,

stage, can no more be called an actress, than the picture of a fire can be said to *burn*: -- The colours *glow*, 'tis true, and please us, by their *brightness*; but we neither feel the *beat* of the flame, nor see it varied, by motion,

I LEARN it from your *form*; I read it in your *eye*; I know it in your power; that we shall, one day, see you, as remarkably, the stage's *glory*, as you are now its *ornament*. Allow me, therefore, to contribute a few hints, against this evening; having heard, but yesterday, that you are then to appear, the first time, in the character of *Imoinda*.

IT would be of infinite advantage, could you, without straining your voice, raise it a little higher; and, by a weight upon the significant words, make it slower, more distinct, and articulate.---The way to do this, is, to make use of *pauses*, in all proper places: For, without those restings, our understanding, wanting time to receive impressions from the ear, retains, but defectively, the image of the meaning, being continually hurried forward, to a *new* idea, while the *old* is unformed and imperfect.

THE

THE actor, who pauses judiciously, will be sure to appear in earnest, like the conceiver of what he utters ; whereas, without pausing, the words, arising too fast for the thought, demonstrate him but a repeater of what he should seem to invent, before he expresses it.

PAUSES have still this further advantage, that, by their help, an actor may take breath, and rise stronger, and stronger --- never straining his voice, beyond its natural compass ; and yet, have force and elevation to shake the hearts of his hearers.

I HAVE inclosed so much of a printed copy, as contains the whole part of *Imoinda*, and mark'd, with a star, the properest places for pausing ; to which I will only add, that the measure of time, in a pause, should vary according to the sense. But it will, in general, be enough to rest, as long as might suffice, to pronounce such a word as *power*. -- I have drawn a few lines thus, under places where the voice is to be strong, high, and emphatical.

FROM

FROM your manner of *speaking*, I come to your manner of *looking* ; which, in the *usual sense* of the word, it is not possible for you to improve, beyond its present perfection. But, I mean not the *face*, but the *passions* which should appear in it. You will find, if you put on a melancholy look, your voice will naturally sound sorrowful : A joyful look will give a lively sound to the voice : And if, when you mean to be angry, you should speak with a serene countenance, your voice would not *express* anger, but *affect* it ; -- and so fail to move the passion, you intend to excite in us.

UNDER this head, permit me, to caution you against relaxing, and becoming languid and unconcerned, as soon as you have done speaking. The quite contrary way, of attending to what is answered, as if you really were *Imoinda*, and felt, not acted, her hopes, fears and distresses, will charm and engage an audience the *more*, as it is scarce ever practised. -- For the same reason, though no face is shown, so much to its advantage as *yours*, it would be proper to refuse us that pleasure, for another, which will arise, from our observing your eye, kept fixed upon the person's,

person's, who is speaking to you, or to whom you are speaking.

AFTER the *voice*, and the *look*, I have room to add but a word or two, about *movement* and *action*. A shape, so finished as yours, has all the reason, in the world, to take it ill, that you endeavour to conceal it. Please, therefore, to extend your arms, with an opener freedom, as often as it is necessary. -- Remember, what effect it has in solemn dances.--It gives a grandeur, a grace, and significance, to the *air*; and was, in a manner, the chief secret of Mrs. Porter, in tragical attitudes; as it is now of inexpressible advantage to Miss Rafter, in comic ones.

So too, the *Steps* should be slow, soft, and stately; nothing limited, or confined, but every gesture, natural and animated. Your *modesty* should be quickened with *spirit*, and your *freedom* corrected by *sweetness*. It will, I confess, be exchanging to your loss; but you must go out of *yourself*, into the person of *Imoinda*.

I AM sensible, that the *time*, as well as the *hints*, will be short; but I was not soon enough informed, to be fuller; and am not
without

without hope, that this little may be of some small service, if you add the assistance of your own discernment, and reflection, to the deficient endeavours of,

Madam,

Your most obedient

Humble Servant,

A. HILL.

POSTSCRIPT.

MADAM

HAVING wanted room in the close of my letter, to explain, how freedom, and openness of action, contributed the chief beauty, to those passionate attitudes, for which *Mrs Porter* was so happily remarkable, I add this slip, by way of postscript, to give one instance of my meaning, out of the part of *Imoinda*.

IN the 84 page of the inclos'd printed sheets, *Imoinda's* joy for her escape from the governor, is interrupted by her husband's pointing out to her the dead body
of

of *Aboan*: upon which she cries out in a sudden surprize, *Aboan!*

THIS single word would have afforded Mrs Porter an occasion, of forcing tears, from the most *knowing* part of the audience, and a thunder of applause from the most *numerous*.

SHE would, first, have worn upon her face, an easy look of joy, the effect of her escape to her husband; but she would have chang'd it, into a look of apprehension, and concern, upon observing *Oroonoko's* expression, that,

“ There's, now, no further use of words!

NEXT, upon his talking of death, and pointing to *Aboan's* body, she would have assum'd a more earnest *fear*, and, catching off her eye from her *husband*, look'd aside for the body; and advanc'd toward it, with her face bent upon it, and her hands a little rais'd, in sign of the pity, she felt, at sight of such a barbarity, tho' not yet, imagining, that it was one so dear to her husband, as *Aboan*.

BUT

BUT, while she bends over the body, she discerns whose it is ; and starting back with astonishment, and horror, throws out her arms, to their utmost extent, and, at the same instant of time, cries out, with a voice, rais'd into *wonder*, and *agony*--ABOAN ! as if she would have added, Is it *he*. The man, so near to you ? so loving, and so lov'd, by you ?

IN the same moment recollecting, that *Oroonoko's* fate must, in all likelihood, be *next*. The horror of that conception *roots* her feet to the *stage*.--Yet, she forces herself half round, toward her husband, and, with her arms still stretch'd wide out, looks at him with a speechless, imploring, distraction of countenance ; sometimes, turning her eye to *Aboan's* body, and then back upon *Oroonoko*, till the sense of what she apprehends, throws her *lips*, *arms*, and *frame*, into a *trembling*, that must touch every heart, in the audience.

I NEED not add the necessity, there would be, to prevent interruption from the person, who acts *Oroonoko*, by preparing him to be *silent*, till the *end* of the *action*.

Oct. 9, 1733.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIV'D your letter with a great deal of pleasure; and came to town, time enough to see Miss H—y, in the best part of *Imoinda*.

I HAD heard the day before, that she was to perform it; and, in order to do her all the service in my power, dispatch'd a servant to town, on purpose, yesterday morning, with a letter to her, containing, the best, and most obvious, general hints, which it was either proper, or practicable, to give her, at such a distance, and so short a warning.

I CAN'T say, she answered the hopes, I had conceiv'd of her; she spoke with too low, and faint a voice; and *look'd* and *mov'd*, with too little *force*: But of this I am sure, that, if her voice is not, *naturally*, too weak (which I find, is every body's opinion) it will be easy enough, to inspirit her motion and gesture: But it must be done, not by *written* but *personal* instructions.

I WOULD

I WOULD have given a good deal, to have known, but a fortnight before, that she was to appear, in that character: It is a terrible misfortune to the house, that nothing is so little thought of, as improving the natural capacities of the actors; whereas, you know very well, that the greatest, and most accomplish'd orators of antiquity, both thought it necessary, and submitted, with pleasure, to seek the advice, and opinion of their friends, before they became able to shine in their profession.

By the Play, which I now send you a copy of, you will see, that the part of Zara is fill'd with the strongest, and most shining *passions*: And nothing is more certain than that, (could Miss H——'s *spirit* suit it, as aptly, as her *figure*) it would raise her at once, to the fame of a capital actress; whereas, should I *cast* her into that part, and her *modesty* and *diffidence* not allow her to exert herself in it, as she ought, it would hurt not only the Play, but Miss H——'s own interest,

I HAPPEN'D to sit near Lord G——ge, at the Play, and was curious to observe him;

as he is known to have a partiality, for the person of this lady; and I own, I was charm'd with a beautiful *struggle*, which I discern'd, betwixt his *judgment*, and his *tenderness*. He would not, openly applaud a performance, which was *fainter*, than he *wish'd* it: Yet, his *humanity* broke out upon every occasion, where his *reason* could catch a *motive* for defending her: And one time in particular, when, in the height of that distressful scene, in the last act, several gentlemen, in the boxes, *laugh'd aloud* at another gentleman's *tears*, in the house (which, by the bye was a mirth of a savage original) Lord G—ge, apprehensive for the Lady, cried out with a concern, that pleas'd me more than the Play, -- "*You should not laugh so loud, because the people upon the stage will suppose, they are acting ridiculously.*"

I AM very glad, you are resolv'd to do every thing, in your power, to raise a popular interest, for support of this Tragedy. One ought to blush for the nation, where such a *preparation* is become *necessary*: But our *minds*, are like *sick men's stomachs*, too weak, to digest what is not *minced*, and put into our *mouths*, by those, whose *taste* must prescribe for us. I am greatly delighted to
hear

hear how fast you recover, which is but one of the many good wishes, you are entitled to, from the affection of,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient,

And most humble, Servant,

A. HILL.

Oct. 15, 1733.

MADAM,

TH O' it is impossible, that you should be so dead to a sense of your own charms, as not to think me very impertinent, when I tell you, I was not so much pleas'd as I expected to be, with your performance of *Imoinda* : Yet, I dare trust your mind, against your heart, so far as to depend on your pardoning the great desire I have, to hear every body call you a *fine Actress*, as sincerely as they own you a *fine Woman*.

THAT you are the *last*, to a very charming degree, was, I dare swear, the opinion of every gentleman, then, present : Yet, they suffer'd you to go thro' that part with-

out notice or *applause*, in the very *bloom* of your youth, and the *triumph* of your *beauty*.

It was in nobody's power, but your own, to have made this *possible*—Had you permitted your *modesty*, to have enliven'd itself with *majesty*: Had you thrown *spirit* into your *voice*, and *passion* into your *motion*, there had been a house-full of *Oroonoko's*, and every body in the audience, would have wish'd to *die* for *Imoinda*.

It were *safest*, I confess, to leave you in the *veil*, which your *humility* has thrown over your influence: And it is little better than a plot, against the quiet of the public, to lend ambition to a conqueror, who is willing to forget, or neglect her own power. But, tho' you are angry with the *wind*, while it is discomposing you in a *Journey*, yet, you, forgive it very willingly, when you perceive, it has blown away the *clouds*, that intercepted the *Sun-shine*.

I TROUBLE you, therefore, once more, with my desire, that you will bestow a little time and thought, upon the *beauties* which you may *assume*: you are so unwilling to remember *those*, you have in your *possession*,
2 that

that you owe yourself, by way of ballance, a double concern for those, you are to be possess'd of, hereafter.

If you please, after having considered the abstract, which I inclose, to apply its rules to the speech I have added, according to the marginal notices, you will find there is not half the difficulty, you may have apprehended, in the study of an *art*, which *nature* has so form'd you for shining in.

I AM far from wondering, that I saw not the whole effect of those *bints*, which were sent you but just before you appear'd on the stage, that evening: I rather think it wonderful, you could so soon, and so judiciously apply, as I saw you did, the remarks, relating to *Pauses*, and *Emphasis*. What seems most to be wish'd, is a fuller, and more pompous, dwelling on your words in Tragedy; and a more distinct, and higher elevation of your *voice*, which is too sweet, to leave us satisfied with so little of it, as you generally give us.

If you are weary of these troublesome advices, you have but one way to avoid them;

them; and that is, to disregard and neglect them: For, if I observe, that they are of any advantage to you, I am so fond of contributing to your interest and distinction, that the Lord knows what persecution you may not expect, from,

Madam,

Your most Obedient,

Humble Servant.

A. HILL.

OCT. 19, 1733.

SIR,

OBSERVING, in' the bills to-day, that *Torrismond* is to be acted by you, so much sooner than I expected; and remembering the request you made me, at the house, I chuse rather to mark the part, in more haste than I could have wished, than miss this opportunity of doing you, I hope, some little service.

I DON'T know what reasons the friends of another house may have, for support of their partiality; but, for my part, I have

two

two strong motives, for contributing, every way in my power, to the success of *Drury-Lane Theatre*. I know that you have more *natural* merit than your rivals; and every body knows that you have more enemies, and more modesty.

IF you will pardon my freedom, for putting you in mind of an improvement, which you need only *remember*, and you will *attain*, I would wish to see you assume that gracefulness, weight, and easiness, which must follow, from your keeping a more raised eye; and erect, yet easy, neck; -- It will add *nature* to your *meanings*, and *majesty* to your *words*, and your *actions*; whereas the contrary practice gives the appearance of *levity*; loses the noble openness of the *breast*; and contributes to scatter and confound the *voice*; much of which it throws *inward*, from the audience.

I TAKE the *knowledge of the passions* to be the only thing necessary, to make a *finished actor*, where the *voice*, and the *figure*, have such advantages, as you are possessed of; and I have pointed them out as distinctly, as I had room to do it, in the marginal blanks of

of the Play, which I, herewith, send you ; to which I have added (besides lines under the emphatical words) little strokes, in this manner, | in the places, where *pausing* is proper : First, for the sake of the sense ; and next, for a *saving* to the *voice*, which will always, by that help, be able to maintain its strength, and escape those unpleasing *cracks*, which are, else, so frequent, and unavoidable.

As to *action*, its excess, either way, is, I think, equally faulty ; but of this, I am sure, that the changes of the passions being once found and felt, the proper movements of the body must be the necessary consequence.

It will be needless to observe to you, that *Torrismond's* character is distinguished by a spirited *softness*, a genteel, masculine *tenderness*, that, at once, polishes and fires him.---His way of *stepping* and *acting*, therefore, (if I am not mistaken) would be most naturally hit, by a gentle, majestic stateliness, every where animated and strong, but never light, or unballanced.

If

If any thing I have herein done, shall contribute to increase that expectation, the town is beginning to conceive in your favour, it will give me a very great pleasure; for you have all the good wishes of,

Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

A. HILL.

OCT. 24, 1733.

SIR,

IF I had not been very much engaged, for these two or three days past, I should sooner have informed you, that you pleased me extremely, in *Torrismond*; and, lest saying this should be too little, because you must have observed, that you pleased every body, I will add, that you convinced me, at the same time, that you have the genius of an actor, and are born to shine in the business.

For this reason, it will give me a pleasure, to contribute all the hints I am capable of, to assist so rising a merit; and, if
you

you are to act the *Earl of Essex*, which, I hear, is coming on, I will interleaf your part, if you send it me, and make room for the necessary notes upon the *passions*. — I will do the same for *Hamlet*, if it comes into your hands, as I hope it soon will; for I have told Mr. *Higmore*, I will undertake for your appearing, with honour, in that character.

I CONFESS, I was agreeably surprized, to see you, at the first essay, rise so touchingly out of a lightness, that custom, want of reflection, and the volatile turn of your spirits, had made habitual to your practice. I expected it would be a work, at least, of some time; but you prevented my hopes at once; assumed a weight, a significance, and a majesty, which made us not only *think*, but warmly *feel* you, a good actor.

I WILL venture to prophecy, that, whenever you can *forget* an audience, you will *charm* them; it is so easily in your power to assume, and be assumed by the character, that I promise myself, I shall see your *eye* speaking, as intelligibly as your *voice*; Your voice saving its strength, and preserving its harmony, by a judicious recovery of breath,

at the pausing places ; and your motions solemn, nerved, and adapted to the changes of the passions.

If you had distinguished all these requisites, in *Rule a Wife, and have a Wife*, as finely as you did in *Torriſmond*, the applause which was given to your *ſire*, would have been paid to your *discernment* : For the passion, in that character, is not a rash, quick, anger, but a thoughtful, manly, deliberate, determined, courage--the effect of reason and resolution ; which give a terror to his boldness, as if it pierced not the *ear* only, but the *heart* of his *wife*, and those with her.

ADD to this, that the voice, so associated to the sense, breaks out (where it ought) with ten times more *musick* and *surprize*, upon the audience, than it is capable of, when too equally and constantly elevated.

I BEGAN this letter with no other design, than to write for your *part* ; but, since I have insensibly rambled so much further, (like a man who is walking where he is delighted with the prospect of the country) I will add a line, or two, more, to remind
you

you, of the advantage it gives to the grace of an actor's *person*, when his *head* is kept raised ; not rounding too lightly, as if it played with the sound of the words ; and the *eye* fixed intently, and held, meaningly steady, on the proper object before it. *This* and the nerves of the neck, arms, and feet, strongly braced, in all action, whether violent or passive, (still distinguishing the different propriety of each) will not only impress the *spectators*, but actually warm the *Player himself*, into a *real feeling* of the passions he is acting.

THERE is another great beauty, in a Player, who enters strongly into *nature*, and that is, the significance of *silent action*, where, after he has done *speaking*, himself, he attends to what is answered, as if it, in good earnest, concerned him. This alarms and awakens the audience ; who, on the contrary, grow languid and unattentive, when they observe a negligence in the actors ; just as one lazy yawner shall set a room-ful of his acquaintance a-yawning, for company. I am,

Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

Oct. 24, 1733.

MADAM,

EVERY body was charmed with the spirit of your action and voice, in *Lady Ann*, so that, now I am positive, it is in your power, to reach every thing upon the stage, that is either natural, or amiable.

THAT you may, in *Rutland*, have opportunity to confirm this opinion, by a proof, that will confound and astonish those, who are in a contrary way of thinking; please to send me the part, because I will interleaf it, to make room for the fullest notes I can think of, and wait on you, with it, on *Friday*.

IN the *Miser*, to night, be so good as to think of one caution. I have observed a kind of *beautiful* hurry, in pronouncing your words, when you are acting in *comedy*. --- I call it *beautiful*, because it springs from a want of *vanity*; for, certainly, if you reflected, with how much pleasure you are listened to, you would spread out your *music*, and dwell, with distinction, upon the *harmony*.

BUT,

BUT, exclusive of this very good reason, there is another, which makes it *necessary*; for, while you hasten too eagerly, to come to the end of what you are saying, your voice appears *weaker*, than it is, because, by not *swelling* the *significant* words, nor distinguishing the *periods*, by resting long enough between them, you run the *sense* too close together,--and, thereby, disorder your *meaning*, as your *glass* would your *sight*, if, instead of keeping it at the due distance, you should bring it too near to your eye; which, indeed, it might have good cause for desiring, if it were, *really*, as animated as it *appears* to be, when you look in it.

IN order to warm every body, who sees you *act*, you need only resolve to forget that you are acting. 'Tis the thought of the *audience*, that takes away the natural air of the *player*: Whatever is *well* done on the *stage*, must be done with the same force, freedom, and spirit, as if it was doing in *actual* life: It will, else, carry a constraint, that only robs it of its beauty, as it is common for people's *pictures* to be drawn *stiff*, *prim*, and *affected*, from their endeavouring to look with
a more

a more than ordinary *reserve*, when they go to fit for their *faces*. I am,

Madam,

Your most obedient

Humble Servant,

A. HILL.

OCT. 30, 1733.

MADAM,

IN the pleasures of last *Sunday* evening, it was impossible to think of any thing, out of the company ; -- I should else, have informed you, that *Selima* was to return, as this morning, to a hand, which, whenever she leaves, she must change to her disadvantage.

It is a character, I have seldom seen shine; but it was never the fault of the *part*. You will find, that the passions are *strong*: And, I am sure, you can make them be *felt*, as effectually, as if they were all of your own *inspiring*. I am,

Madam,

Your most humble,

And most obedient Servant,

M

A. HILL.

To Mr. B——

Oct. 31, 1733.

S I R,

AS your good sense and good nature are both too well known, to leave room for an apology, where the freedom I take, in giving my opinion, can have no other motive, than the pleasure I receive from the applause, which you meet with. — I will venture to offer my sentiments, on the character of *Tamerlane*.

If I am not mistaken, I have seen you act it, a little too politely. — You will smile, at this unusual censure, but I will explain what I mean by it.

THE purposed opposition of *Tamerlane's* humanity, against *Bajazet's* fierceness and pride, seems, to me, to be carried too far, if the bounds are not nicely distinguished, between condescension, and neglect of dignity. As his mind is less haughty than *Bajazet's*, so it is also more noble; and the superiority of his spirit ought to be visible, in his words, his looks, and his motions.

A. HILL

M

FOR

For this reason, his complaisance will appear too flexible, if he either bows his body with too frequent relaxation ; or, if he moves it with too unconscious an excess of humility ; tho' he is not proud, he is majestic ; and, as every thing he says has the weight of an oracle, so every thing he is seen to do, ought to have the grandeur of a hero.

If my conceptions are any way right, the air and deportment of *Tamerlane* should, every where, and to all persons, be distinguished, by a conscious superiority. He should smile, without gaiety ; look erect, without pride ; be provoked, without rage ; appear soft, without tenderness ; and condescend, without ceremony.

You will apprehend, if I explain my own meanings, that the actions of *Tamerlane* should be solemn and nervous ; his step, slow and stately ; his brow raised and awful ; and his looks significant and piercing.

As to his manner of *speaking*, as it is the result of his reflections, it ought to be

strong, deliberate, and impressive ; for his sentiments are, commonly, so noble, that they require a distinct and weighty utterance, not only as they deserve it, by their importance, but, because their effect would be lost, if due time is not allowed them, to descend from the ear to the understanding.

Your voice, too, which is charming, to the sweetest degree, in the articulate, declamatory plainness, that is proper to this character, will drop none of its accents, which it is great pity it ever should ; for the most emphatic solemnity, with which Mr. Booth spoke, in *Cato*, is no more, than is necessary, in almost every scene of *Tamerlane*.

To say all, in a word--to keep up the superiority, which this prince is made to appear with--he ought to speak like an angel, and move like a God.

I know, if I had written much less, it had been more than enough ; for, all that can be necessary, is, to give you a hint of this improvement upon the character ; your own penetration will carry it to the utmost length it is capable of ; and, in that, I am
sure

sure of one pleasure, as every advance in your fame, or your fortune, will give a real delight to.

Sir,

Your most humble

And obedient Servant;

A. HILL.

OCT. 31, 1733.

SIR,

WHEN we were talking, the other night, in the green room, of Mr. Mills's manner of acting *Bajazet*, I had not been informed, that you were so soon to appear in that character, or I should then have more fully explained myself upon those points, in which, I think, he is mistaken: For, as this front of the season must fix an impression, in favour or distaste of the company, and there runs an unthinking prejudice about town, which may, and ought to be removed, I wish to see the strength of every actor of your house, exerted to its extent, that partiality may blush itself into repentance, and opinion no longer be too hard for persuasion,

THE *passions*, which are strongly marked in *Bajazet*, as Mr Rowe has represented him, are, ambition, fierceness, pride, and cruelty; and all these influenced and supported, by a daring courage; but made hateful and severe, by a burning indignation against equals, and a scorn of every thing beneath him.

Now these, 'tis true, are qualities, that make him violent, impatient, and tyrannical. But then, that violence, and that impatience, should retain the tokens of that pride, to which he owed them.---He should, indeed, be fierce, but then, his fierceness should be awful.---He should be cruel, but he should be majestic, in that cruelty.---He ought to be *terrible*, by his anger; and *impressive*, in his scorn. If he repines, frets, rages, curses, starts, blasphemes, or reproaches, -- he should do all this, with a dreadful sense of agony, becoming the regret of a despairing emperor; and not with the unmanly nods, flings, jirks, and levity, of a capricious school-boy, when he is held back from quarrelling.

MR.

Mr. *Mills* found out, that a great noise was one mark of anger; but he forgot, that all this noise, in the anger of a sovereign, should take its measure from his dignity, and the decorum proper to his condition. -- Mr. *Mills*, again, was lucky enough to guess right, that a captive king, in fury and despair, should move with turbulence and agitation; but it never came into his head, that there is a turbulence, without bullying, and an agitation, without awkwardness.

I CONFESS, even, that there is something *brutal*, in the transports of *Bajazet*; so there is too, in the rage of a *lion*: but, I believe, it would puzzle Mr. *Mills*'s sagacity, to name, among all the beasts he has knowledge of, so silly a one, as not to be sensible of a difference, between the *lion* and the *cat of mountains*.

YOUR very good discernment will easily gather, from this general remark, on the mistake in Mr. *Mills*'s manner, that much of what he *rants*, would be better suited to the character, if it were to be strained through the teeth, with an indignant, suppressed anger, or the galling maliciousness of scorn.

And, by this change, the force of whatever part of speech is, of necessity, to be thrown out sharp and violent, would be doubly natural, infinitely more striking, and guard and secure the *voice*, from stretching beyond its harmony.

I COULD say a great deal more, on the subject, but am sure, it is not necessary; for the field is so fertile, into which I am dropping this grain, or two, that, I know, I shall see it covered, with a harvest of beautiful improvements. I am,

Sir,

Your most humble,

And obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

Nov. 3, 1733.

SIR,

I HAVE been so engaged, ever since the part of *Monefes* was brought me, that I could not get time, till last night, to begin marking it; but, I hope, this day, to-morrow, and *Monday*, will be more than enough, for so able a genius as yours, to comprehend,

comprehend, in its fullest extent, the few short notes I have made, and the reasons for making them.

As nobody speaks with more weight and significance than Mr. R—ts, it will be the easiest thing in the world, to quicken and inspirit the solemnity, where necessary, by the musical variation, which will flow from a change, with the changing passions.

THIS once done, and your voice secured and guarded against *cracking*, (or that rough thread so like it) by a stopping and recovering breath, upon the pauses—every body will be as pleased with the *harmony*, as they already are, with the *distinctness* and *articulation* of your speaking.

THERE is a caution, which I can't help giving you, because I know how good a *use* you are able to make of it: It is, against a kind of habitual lassitude, which has, insensibly, accustomed you to lose the benefit of that erect upright position of the breast and neck, which gives such grace and spirit to an actor. You are humble enough, to give up, too willingly, a very charming advantage, in your stature; but the audience, who

who consider themselves, for the time, as intitled to all your accomplishments, are more covetous, in your behalf, than you seem to be, for yourself, and never lose an inch of you, without reluctance.

I HAVE often, in *Acasto*, and the *father of the Fair Penitent*, been strongly, and justly, delighted, with that slow solemnity of step, which is there so natural to the character. I believe, in parts, where the age and the passions are different, you would wonderfully adorn your person, and add, considerably, to your influence, by assuming a gayer, shorter, less deliberate, and more lively tread, according to the spirited fierceness, or soft amorous vivacity, of the part you act in.

I SHOULD have said much less, if I had less regarded you ; much more, if your capacity to make a little hint of great advantage, had not been very well known to,

SIR,

Your most obedient

Humble Servant,

A. HILL.

Nov. 6, 1733.

SIR,

NOT dining at home, yesterday, it was not, till after the Play, that I found myself favour'd with your account of what pass'd at the meeting.

I THINK your observations, on the remarks, are unanswerably clear and strong, and should have wish'd that Mr R—b had seen them; but that I know, the manner of judging in these gentlemen requires neither deliberation nor reflection: They have an opinion, as much too active, as their reason is too slow: and are too fond of first impressions, to taste the delight of acknowledging a mistake, to make room for a *conviction*,

SINCE you are pleas'd to ask my thoughts, on his behaviour and purpose, I will assure you, sincerely, that your Play will neither suffer in its acting, from any, *bad* opinion, he may have of it; nor could have received any advantage from his *good* one: He carries no weight among his Players; who are, all, agreed in *two points*: That he
has

has no judgment at all; and that *they* have *themselves* a very strong one.

I SEE, plainly, from what motive springs his notion, that the Play *wont do*. He observes, that of late, the audiences are far less touch'd than they have formerly been, with the *serious* walk in comedy; while the *low* and the *ridiculous*, on the contrary, receives louder applause, than ever.

BUT this he, *falsely*, imputes to a change, in the taste of the public. *Nature* is always the same; and the *passions*, where and whenever, they are strongly hit, will be strongly exciting: But the misfortune lies here—when Mr. *Booth*, and Mr *Wilks*, Mrs *Oldfield*, and Mrs *Porter*, appear'd in natural and reflecting characters, there was a *Pathos* in their delivery, a sensation in their air, an expression in their gesture, and a spirit in their conception and execution, that compell'd the dullest apprehension to receive the meaning of the dialogue:—Now all this power is lost; and we may sleep in the most alarming passages; because the actors are, unnaturally *pert*, unmovingly *cold*
or

or elaborately tiresome, from a dull, dry, drawling monotony of declamatory stiffness.

HENCE, all these light dumb insults upon common sense, the Pantomimes and Entertainments, which are become so shamefully necessary:----the people in the management of our theatres, have wanted art to form good actors; the want of good acting has pall'd and diminish'd the pleasure of going to plays;—and then, when these mountebank managers have *physick'd* us into a *lethargy*, they clap *Vinegar* to our *noses*, in hope to *twinge* us into a *recovery* of our *senses*.

THIS is, certainly, the present condition of the *stage*; But, as the *houses* are all equally *sharers* in one common defect, I am of opinion you would be in the right, to let your Play come on at Mr *Rich's*, rather than remove it; for several reasons, and, in particular, for these following:

Covent-Garden house is larger, by one part in three;---It is more commodious for going into, and coming out of; the town's opinion of some of their actors, is very favourable; whereas there runs a strong current

rent of prejudice against *Drury-Lane*: and I am afraid, it will increase to an unfurmoun-
table degree, of odium very soon, unless the
Patentees can be prevailed upon to see their
own interest, in giving up their unpopular
pretensions to prosecute the people, who
are, universally, thought to be better actors
than their own, and protected without
doubt, (in however covert a manner) by
much more powerful hands, than the Pa-
tentees are aware of.

Thus Sir, I have taken the liberty, in
obedience to your commands, to give you
my opinion, with the utmost frankness,
and sincerity: to which I must add, that
such scenes, as some very fine ones in your
Play, will repay themselves, in the closet,
for whatever loss they may sustain, from
the unstriking lightness of our theatric
manner of acting them. I am,

Sir,

Your most humble

And most obedient Servant.

A. HILL.

To Lord BOLINBROKE.

Nov. 7, 1733.

MY LORD,

I HAVE beg'd the favour of Mr *Pope*, to convey to your Lordship's hands, a translation of Mr *Voltaire's Zaire*, which is to appear on the stage in a month or two.

I SHOULD think it no better, than a civil impertinence, to ask pardon for the trouble: it being scarce more publicly known, that your Lordship is a master of wit, than that you are an encourager of it in others.

THE passions in Mr. *Voltaire's Zaire*, are so strongly and so happily touch'd, that I wish they might be chargeable upon his acquaintance with our *Shakespear* in his native language: I remark it not to his disadvantage; for, if he borrows our ideas, he borrows at least, like a gentleman, who improves, by the bounty of a friend, a sufficient estate of his own; whereas he has *English* examples of pirates, who, having taken *French Tragedies*, as if they were *French Prizes*, chang'd the name with the property,

property, and pass'd them away for their own, without shame or acknowledgment.

I NEVER saw Mr. *Voltaire* any nearer, than in this Tragedy; where, I confess, he impartially charms me. He seems to *think* with the heart of an *Englishman*; but he *expresses* those thoughts, with a *Frenchman's* vivacity. Having found the wit of his nation either too *simple* or too *delicate*, he has nerv'd the *simplicity* with *force*, and substituted a *politeness*, in the place of *affectation*.

I AM only apprehensive, lest this play, after so popular an encouragment in *France*, should be too faintly receiv'd on our stage, for want of a pitiful preparative call'd *making an interest*; which, by the decay of common sense, is become infamously, necessary. I have nothing particular to fear, from this *probability*, for I have the only *profit* I propose in the pleasure of having translated the Tragedy. But, I should be sorry, if the *French*, who will hardly confess we are abler judges of wit, should impute our colder reception of *Zara*, to our deeper degeneracy: And the almost national establishment of blindness among us, as a political

tical modern improvement upon our old *English* constitution.

It is with a view to your Lordship's power of preventing so likely an accident, that I wish your influence exerted:----That is your opinion, occasionally declared, before its appearance, at the theatre: I have the honour to be, and to know a thousand reasons for being, with the greatest respect and submission,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's Most obedient,

And most humble Servant.

A. HILL.

To Mr. POPE.

Nov. 7, 1733.

S I R,

TH O' I have, really, no skill in the *French*---and am (perhaps, for that reason) not overfond of the language, yet, I read it with pleasure, in respect to the *writers* of that nation; and have seldom been

N

more

more strongly delighted, than with the Tragedy of *Zaire*.

I HAD seen nothing of Mr. *Voltaire's* before, except the *Henriade*; and whether it was from my own want of taste, or the poem's want of fire, I found it too cold, for an *epic* spirit; so conceiv'd but a moderate opinion, as to the *dramatic* attempts of the same author :---But, genius being limited, we act too rash, and unreasonable a part, when we judge after so general a manner. Having been agreeably disappointed in *Zaire*, it was due, as an atonement, that I should contribute, to widen *his* applause, whom I had thought of, too narrowly.

I HAVE, therefore, made this Tragedy speak *English*, and shall bring it on the stage, in a month, or two; where, though I have no interest in its success, I should be vex'd to have it miscarry; because it is certainly, an excellent piece, and has not suffer'd, I hope, so much in the translation, as to justify a cold reception at *London*, after having run into the most general esteem, at *Paris*. I will do all, in my power, to prepare the town to receive it, to which end I have given

given the *profits* to a gentleman, whose *acquaintance* is too large for his *fortune*; and your good taste and good nature, assure me of your willing concurrence, so far, as not only to say of it, what it deserves, but, to say it at such times; and in such manner, as you know best how to chuse; in order to give your recommendation the intended good consequence.

LORD *Bolinbroke* was a patron of Mr. *Voltaire*, and can effectually advance the reception of his Play, among those who are most his friends, and best able to support it, at its appearance. I have ventur'd to ask it in the author's behalf; and beg, you would convey the letter and translation, to my Lord's hands, as soon as you please, after you have read them.

I WOULD desire you to excuse this trouble, if it were not to look, like a distrust of that delight, which, I know, it gives you, when you have an opportunity put into your hands, to do a kind, or a generous action,

THE last time I had the pleasure of seeing you, at *Westminster*, you were observing among some rude beginnings of rock-work, which I am designing in my garden, a little

obelisk of Jersey shells, over a grotesque portico for *Pallas*, against the park-wall. You, then, express'd some thoughts of improving such a use of those shells, into a nobler obelisk, among your beauties, at *Twittenham*. Allow me to *bespeak* for *myself* against next spring, the permission of presenting you the shells, materials, and workmanship; that I may have the honour to plant in your gardens a probability of being, sometimes, remember'd by the master of that growing paradise. In the mean time, be so good to accept this smaller parcel, just enough, (if there is yet to come, of the season, half a week of dry weather without frost,) to embellish your *marine temple*, by inserting them, among the *Hollows*, between those large shells, which compose it: where being plac'd in oblique position, so as to lie open to the weather, they will enlighten the gravity, and catch a distant eye, with a kind of shining propriety.

I OUGHT never to end a letter to you, without a wish for your perfect health; because it is impossible to think of you, without a pain from the reflection, that you *want* it too often, I am,

Yours &c.

A. HILL.

To Mr. JAMES THOMPSON.

Nov. 10, 1733.

S I R,

IT is long since I had the pleasure to converse with you, personally; but your true self has been nearer, and I enjoy so frequent an intimacy with your mind, in those generous transcripts of it, which the world is possess'd of, that I don't know, whether I can say, with propriety, you have been *absent*.

As I greatly esteem your *genius*, I must be ambitious of your *judgment*; therefore, hope, you will justify my partiality, who prefer this tragedy of *Zaire*, to all the rest of Mr. *Voltaire's* writings: Some of which had impress'd me, with too slight an opinion of his capacity.

In a month, or two, I shall bring *Zara* on the stage; where, as she is neither *dumb* enough to forbear speaking at all, nor brisk enough to talk *smuttily*, I am afraid, the example of her success on the *French Theatre*,

will hardly entitle her to a civil reception, *good taste*, being the last of their *fashions*, we shall be fond of *appearing* in,

IF, after having read it yourself, you find it fit to be read by, or to such of your friends, as can promote its success, by their influence, I flatter myself you will do it that favour. And, if I might be particular, in tasking your indulgence, Mr. *Dodington* should be the first of the number. I have not enough the honour of his acquaintance to sollicit his concern for support of this Tragedy; but it has been, so justly applauded at *Paris*, that (abating for some loss, it may have sustain'd in the translation, its ill reception at *London*, might bring a kind of infamy, on the nation; and Mr *Dodington* is, too nobly, the son of his country to decline an opportunity of asserting her justice.

As all my own copies are travelling, upon this errand, I take the liberty of sending you one, that my daughter had writ, for herself; and which, tho' a little wild, in the cut of the letter, is, I believe, pretty free from errors of consequence, I am

Sir, Yours, &c.

A. HILL.

Nov. 16, 1733.

MADAM,

SINCE the *Countess of Rutland* will, to-night, have the advantage of looking like Miss *H—y*, give me leave to beg, you would be *even* with her, and *act*, like the *Countess of Rutland*.

HER *distress* is the *greatest*, that can break in upon *human nature*; and in her scenes, with the *queen*, and with *Essex*, there is no room for that beautiful apprehensiveness --- that unconscious, and too diffident modesty of movement, with which you are still apt, I can't say, to *cover*, but a little to *shade*, the *spirit* of your *shape* and *action*.

WHEN I saw you, in *Selima*, there was nothing to be wished, more *lovely*. But I long'd for something more *miserable*. This is a very odd compliment to a lady, for any of whose sorrows I should be truly afflicted. All that I mean is, --- you filled our eye with your *sweetness*, where our *hearts* should have been *shook*, for your *sufferings*: And, particularly, in that scene, where you pleaded with *Bajazet* for life, tho' your *action*

was beautifully *just*, it was not *strong* enough, nor so *wild* and *distracted*, as it ought to have been. Let me beg you to remember it, to-night, and throw yourself, with an unreserved boldness and freedom, into the liveliest attitudes of *distress*; fully assured, that a *form*, so finished as *yours*, can have nothing to fear, from too spirited an excess of action; since the more *lights* it is shown in, the more *charms* it discovers.

You have already attained infinite graces, in your improved manner of filling the stage, and looking, and seeming in earnest. Please to consider, how miraculously soon you are come this extraordinary length! --You have at most, but as far more to go, as you have travelled already. --- Suppose yourself at the middle stage of a two days journey, you have no night behind, and every moment, from your next setting out, opens, nearer and nearer, the place you long to arrive at.

I HAD, lately, the pleasure of hearing you say, that you did not yet know the strength of your own voice, having never raised it high enough to find it in danger
of

of breaking. You cannot imagine, what an obligation I shall think it, if you will prevail on yourself, to make this trial to-night, only with this caution, whenever you raise it to let it rise *naturally*; -- that is, without needless endeavours to make it *sweeter*, than it is; but as much *stronger* and *fuller*, as much more *distinct*, *pathetic*, and *weighty*, as possible.

I wish I knew how to explain what I mean by *weighty* and *pathetic*. By *weight*, I understand a forceful, and important dwelling upon the word, in its delivery, as if you would stamp it upon the understanding; -- as if you parted with it reluctantly, 'till convinced it would have its effect; as if your *voice* was hung upon the *sound*, with as much earnestness, as the *eye* of a *lover* would cling to a *beauty*, like *yours*, under sudden apprehension of losing it for ever,

THEN, to prevent such a dwelling on the utterance, from appearing *affected*, or too *whining*, comes in the *pathetic*; which is nothing more, than that feeling significance, that interested sound of concern, that gives meaning to the tone it is spoke with. I
will

will describe, to you, one *sure* and *easy* way, to hit this compleatly.

WHENEVER you would express any sentence, in a more *moving* manner, than ordinary, remember, before you begin speaking, to draw up your breath hard, and then let it go, with a *figh*; but, in the very moment you let go the *figh*, begin to utter the *sentence* along with it; and you will perceive a touching *sensibility*, in the *sound* of your words, which will swim down, as it were, upon the *figh*, with the strength, agitation, and pointedness, of a *boat*, that is shooting the *bridge*--suppose the *boat* to be the *sound* of the voice, and the *figh*, the stream that conveys it.

THERE is one thing more, which I must, of necessity, beg you to practise; and that is, the *art* of forgiving a *good will*, so impertinent as that of,

Madam,

Your most humble,

And most obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To JOHN HIGHMORE, Esq;

Dec. 1, 1733.

S I R,

WHEN I was favoured with your answer to my last, I resolved, from the hint you gave me, of the perplexed situation of the patentee's affairs, to mention no more my design of bringing on a *new play*, before *Christmas*, as it is easy to perceive, my only motive for proposing it, was the prospect of doing the house some seasonable service.

BUT, I presume, you have no objection against *Zara's* coming on, about the 14th or 15th of *January*.--I beg you would be plain, in your answer to this query, because I should wish to consult you, about the cast of the parts; and it is time to begin the execution of a scheme of measures, I have formed, for bringing over the town's opinion in favour of your company, by a right use of the public papers.

BELIEVE me, Sir, you will find this no great difficulty; and, for my part, if you'll forgive the freedom of obtruding my opinion,

nion, I should not, as things stand, were I a patentee, so much as wish for the return of the *deserters* : -- I would rather bend my thoughts on shewing, in the strongest lights, the power of the company, as it stands at present ; -- or, at most, with addition of one good man, and one good woman, actor.

VARIETY of entertainment will do every thing : -- An old Play, never acted in man's memory, tho' of universal and established reputation, may be got up, in as short a time as it requires to revive (as it is falsely call'd) a Play, that is upon the stock of all the acting companies. And these, by the aid of new and spirited (yet not at all expensive) entertainments, added to them, *viz*, Farces, Pantomimes, and Comic Operas, would infallibly draw audiences so long, that, when their *runs* are over, they may be succeeded by still more and different new ones. -- And, please but to imagine the effect of having it observed, by the town, that, while the other companies act, all, but the same set of Plays, the audiences, at *Drury-Lane*, are sure to meet with novelty, and what can be seen at none of the other Theatres.

I HAVE

I HAVE no design, no interest, in what I say.---I am only a sincere and hearty friend to you, and to your company; because I hate the baseness of a wretch, who would have screened himself behind the curtain, and destroyed a benefit, which he had sold so dearly.---If, therefore, my assistance can be serviceable, you may command it freely, and as a friend should give it; void of any thoughts of interest, or advantage whatever.

FROM *Christmas*, 'till the middle of *March*, I shall be pretty much at leisure; and, if I am not too officious in proposing it, should think that time agreeably passed, in waiting on you, as often as you judge proper, to consult and regulate a plan, whereby ten weeks may nobly make amends, for what shall happen, be it ever so bad in all the rest of the season.

BUT, if this should have the least tendency to interfere with any already settled scheme of your own, I am far from thinking it reasonable, that you should accept of the offer. I only make it, as what may be of some *benefit* to the *house*, and a pleasant
amusement,

amusement, for a month or two, to *myself*, in case you have no better prospect before you.

I BEG to know, if I may depend on, and prepare for the time I have mentioned, for *Zara*; and your thoughts, in general, of my offer; who am,

Sir,

Your most obedient,

And most humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Lady WALPOLE.

May 30, 1734.

MADAM,

THE shadowy beginnings of a rock-work, in my speck of garden, are not yet in a condition to have deserved the honour of your Ladyship's eye. They ought to have been veiled from so penetrating a judgment; for, I know, your genius is celebrated for its taste and propriety, in this kind of ornament.

BUT

BUT, my servants having informed me, that your ladyship seem'd desirous to know, what *compositions* I use, in cementing the *pebbles*, and *shell-work*, and where, and at what rates, the *blue stones* are to be procured, I take the liberty to address a written answer to your hand, because it would charm me, to see a fancy so able and elegant, exerting itself this way, in a situation so tempting, and so nobly adapted, as your Ladyship's garden at *Chelsea*, where the decline of the ground toward the river, and the neighbourhood of *London*, added to the dignity, which the work would receive from the name and rank of its owner, would do honour to our country's taste, in an improvement, at once, the most beautiful and neglected, of all our garden embellishments.

AND yet, it is the *imagination* that does all, in this amusement. The expence is trifling, and inconsiderable — not so much as *Terras* is necessary, except on the *roofs* or *copings* of places, exposed to the wet: But, on the sides, even of those open places, and on every part of such, as are covered, nothing further is requisite, than a mixture of
two

two parts of hard, round sand, with one part common lime, well beat together, with a moderate proportion of hair. This is to be laid pretty thick on the work, designed to be covered, and the stones, shells, &c. pressed hard and close into the mortar, which will grow dry enough, in two or three hours, to be proof against all weather.

THE *blue stones* are chosen *clinkers*, from the *glass-houses*. They are produced from the breaking of melted pots, filled with metal, for their finest sorts of *glass*. These will be of no further cost, than an inconsiderable present to the *workmen*, added to the very small expence, of having them picked out of the *cinder heaps*, and brought in boats to your garden.

I PROCURED my *shells*, at first, at very chargeable rates, from the *toy-shops*, here in town; but I have since had them brought me from the places of their growth, at less than the twentieth part of what they before used to cost me.

My intent was, to cover a little town garden, by way of model for a design, which I have some thoughts of executing, at large,
where

where I have more room, in the country. But I find myself so crowded, as to want space, even for a model.

IN the mean time, I ought to have, in my eye, the example of a *coquette baymaker*, who would not allow herself to be called *pretty*, at present ; but confessed, she should be worth *looking at*, when she came to church, next *Sunday*. I will, therefore, sketch out, for your Ladyship, a little idea of the *Temple of Happiness*, as I purposed it, from that rude foundation, with four entrances, in the middle of my garden ; but your Ladyship saw it undressed, and as void of ornament as the *baymaker*.

IF any of your Ladyship's servants bring word to my house, that they have your permission, at some time, when least inconvenient, to shew me that part of your garden, where the rock-work is designed to be raised, I shall more fully conceive both the purpose and occasion, which the situation may point out ; and will, very readily, do myself the honour, to send your Ladyship whatever hints may offer. I am, with great respect,

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient Servant,

O

A. HILL.

OCT. 16, 1734.

DEAR SIR,

THOUGH I had the pleasure of reading your new Play, immediately after your sending it me; yet, as I have, for some time past, had my thoughts a good deal bent, upon a dryer and less agreeable subject, I have taken the liberty to keep it a week longer than I ought, that I might go over it with a more careful and intent application.

The moral is very generous and instructive: But, it is easier to *laugh* than *think*; and I am almost afraid, you might have promised yourself a surer success, if, with less regard to the *purpose* of your Play, you had shewn more to the *gayety* of it.

It is a miserable observation, which may be made, every night, in our Theatres--- that *meaning* is silently *pardoned*, while *folly* is mis-called *entertainment*, and received with *uproar* and *transport*: They are awake to nothing but *burry*, and that too, to the most dark and dirty kinds of it. They approve of nothing, that they are able to see through.

through. Their taste, as they wrongfully call it, is a kind of muddy vivacity; which, like the working of a *beer-barrel*, fills the body of the vessel with confusion, and throws the noise, and the dross, to the surface.

In general, I fear, no Comedy will, at present, be well received, upon our stages, except it is one, of the low, light turn of humour, where every thing is calculated for mirth, and nothing left to reflection.

THERE is something very striking, in the design of *Violetta's* perplexing gay life, in order to correct and remove her lover's jealousy.

The contrast, too, will be humorous and diverting, between the mistresses and maids, transformed, like the men and the masters.

--- I don't know, whether it might deserve to be thought some heightening to the spirit of this part of the plot, not to leave the ladies substituting their maids in their places, to meer fancy, or jumping into a like humour, with their lovers, --- but rather to suppose it the effect of some discovery of such a design, in the gentlemen --- so, to match them, at their own weapons.

I KNOW your good sense, too well, to doubt of your pardon, if I am sincere enough, to dislike the too strong colours, in your painting the widow's coarse complexion.---The *likeness* is natural enough; but she seems too ugly to be looked upon, by the ladies, without confusion.

I AM very much obliged to you for the honour you intended me, on *Sunday*. In a few days, when I have got through a little hurry, I am under, at present, I will bring you my thanks, to your lodgings, and be fuller, on the particulars of this Comedy, which you have given me the pleasure of perusing. I am, with perfect respect,

Sir,

Your most obedient,

And most humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To the Honourable Mrs. DEVEREUX.

at the Bath.

Oct. 20, 1734.

MADAM,

IF I had never had the honour of *seeing* you, I might have been in danger of believing, that nothing could be more charming than your *letter*.

BUT you have, in common with your eyes, and your diamonds, the quality of shining with *new lustre*, in every *new light*, through which you are looked at.

I CANNOT wonder, that the public diversions have an enemy in your ladyship ; yet they have *one* title to your favour ; -- and that is, from the pity, wherewith a heart so generous, as yours, must consider the wretched, and the incurable.

WHATEVER could have given occasion, for so long a stay, as you have made, at *Bath*, must have been *sure* of our envy and disapprobation, at *London*.---But, there is no being patient, under the provocation of such

an image, as a mind, so excellent as your Ladyship's, submitting its quiet to the harrowings of law perplexities! If there is such a rarity in nature, as a *man*, of your vivacity, he would feel less mortification, under the penance of driving a snail, from *Holland to Italy*.

Mr. *Blythe* is too good, for a world, to unlike him; or he could not forgive me a neglect, that I have, however, but seemed to be guilty of. A long journey, of six weeks, kept his letter out of my hands, till I imagined, by the time I had heard fixed, for your leaving *Bath*, my answer could not have found him. The pleasure I received, with that beautiful and obliging letter, was too great, to have remained unacknowledged; which I will assure him, under my hand, if I hear, that your Ladyship's stay, where you are, is not to be so short, as I wish it.

I AM so proud to obey your commands, Madam, that I should readily have delivered, to Grace, Wisdom, and Justice, the regard you are pleased to express, in the commission you sent me, in your Postscript;

but, I found, upon enquiry, that they were gone, with your Ladyship, to *Bath*; and there is nothing more reasonable, than to conclude, that Monarchy is to be found, in their company.

I AM, and so is every body, I have a claim in, with the greatest respect,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obliged,

Obedient humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Lady WALPOLE.

June 8, 1734.

MADAM,

I HAVE the honour to send your Ladyship the draught, which I promised, of a Rock-work, designed for my garden; but it is such a draught, as cannot fail to balance what approbation you may give it, by the smiles it will furnish you with, at my aukward manner of doing it; for, not having the least notion of drawing, I have made a very poor shift, to sketch out the

bare outlines of my meaning. This plan, in a garden of mine, must assume no loftier a name, than that of *The Cave of Content*. In any of your Ladyship's, it would have expected to be called, *The Temple of Happiness*.

THE whole space, as I intended to describe it, is a square of 300 feet; of which, the circle, in the center, includes one hundred. This inner division is quite private, being separated from the rest, by a wall round the circular cloister, whose piazzas, in front, open, on all sides, to the garden.

ON the top of an artificial hill, within this circle, stands the Temple of Happiness, high enough to be visible, in all parts of the garden, having the Cave of Content, in a less exposed situation, on the side of the hill, below it; and overlooking, at its immediate foot, a little ring of corn fields, and meadows, round a thatched country cottage. This prospect is extended, by rural paintings *in fresco*, upon the flat of the surrounding wall, while the Temple commands, at due distance, a view of the prouder parts of the garden.

To

To this center tend, directly, four great passages, besides eight bye-paths, through the wood; yet, of all the twelve ways, one only leads into the enclosure, tho' each of them seems to promise an easy and immediate admission; for, that the curiosity may be attracted, the statue of Happiness stands visible, over the dome of the Temple, holding out an elevated torch, in an attitude of invitation.

THE four direct passages are four grottos of Rock-work; their outsides rugged and irregular; adorned with shells, of the largest kinds; but their insides beautified, after a nicer and more finished manner: These are the grottos of POWER, of RICHES, of HONOUR, and of LEARNING; distinguished each by its proper statue, placed over the entrance.

Description of the Grotto of POWER.

THE numbers, 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. in this grotto, are windows, or grotesque openings, each of which gives prospect to a different walk, through the wood, terminated by a figure, proper to the position. These are the

the statues of FAME, REVENGE, VICTORY, VIOLENCE, PRIDE, and SECURITY; the six most natural pursuits, in the attainments of power.

THE intermediate spaces, betwixt the windows, on both sides of this Grotto, are adorned with rocks, which widen inward, in different degrees, so as to make the passage winding and irregular.

UPON, and among these rocks, are represented, in *shell-work*, of all sizes and colours, the forms of military weapons, antient and modern; as also the ruins of old castles and towers. --- And, from caves, up and down, within the rocks, hang chrystals of salt-petre--the foundation of that friend of power, gunpowder.

THE end of this Grotto, instead of introducing to the Cave of Content, opens into the circular cloister, that fronts outward, upon the walks and canals; these canals, being four in number, are terminated, each, by its proper mount (composed of the earth that is dug up, in forming it) adorned with wood, and rocks, over which fall sheets of water.

THE

THE gravel-walks (from 7 and 7) end in caves, which give passage, under the mount, by a vaulted semicircle, and open in front, to the water, between grotesque pillars of shell-work.

THE walks (from 8 to 8) end in rocky ascents to the tops of the mounts. --- Down from the other sides of which mounts, descend paths, into the outward garden, whereof this whole plan is but the center.

AT 9 and 9, which is an entrance into one of the bye-alleys, stand the statues of MALICE and SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS; (their names inscribed on their pedestals) pointing into the wood, with an air of invitation. This winding path, once entered, leads to a cavern, to be known, by its inscription, for the Grotto of PATRIOTISM. --- Descending into this grotto, it leads through a subterranean passage, which, instead of coming out at the *Cave of Content*, rises upon a basin, to be called, *the Fountain of Folly*, properly distinguished, in the midst of the wood; wherein is the statue of a *fool* (with a cap and bell) very busily washing a *Blackamore*, who

who laughs, and lolls out his tongue, at the fruitless solicitude of the labour.

At 10 and 10, in the opposite quarter, are the statues of BENEVOLENCE and PITY. The attitudes of these, also, invite to the wish'd-for center, but the covered alley between them, leading, first, thro' the grot of MUNIFICENCE, after a winding and intricate descent, opens into the *Sink of Ingratitude*.

N. B. ALL these grottos, statues, and places, are expressed, by significant *peculiar*s -- helped, however, by inscription of their names, to leave no burthen upon the apprehension.

Description of the Grotto of RICHES.

THE six windows, in this grotto, shew, at the ends of their several vistas, the six statues of LUXURY, INDOLENCE, VANITY, BLINDNESS, DEAFNESS, and DANGER.--- Note, the statues are cast, to new designs, in moulds, from drawings, purposely imagined, so as to express the spirit of their characters.

THE

THE rocks, along the inside of this grotto, are to be composed, chiefly, of glass-house clinkers, enlivened by the oars, and glittering spar of metals; one rock represents *Potosi*, in *Peru*, where *Indians* (in little figures) are busy, at the several tasks, of breaking, raising, and smelting the silver oar.--Another rock has the representation of *Africans*, gathering gold dust, at the bottom of a water-fall, and washing the earth from it, in *sieves*. A third rock resembles the *East-Indians* manner of digging, and searching, in their *diamond mines*.—N. B. The rock-work of this grotto is to be illuminated, by pieces of transparent crystal, and coloured glass-jewels, representing rubies, emeralds, &c. properly placed; and the whole made, every where, as bright and glowing as possible, to its end, where it opens into the circular cloister.

THE statues at the bye-path, on the left, (marked 9 and 9) are those of *INDUSTRY* and *HONESTY*.--They direct to the grot of *DISTINCTION*, which being entered, brings you out, into the kennel of *ENVY*, whose figure is supported, on both sides, by a guard of *dogs*, in the attitude of *barking*.

IN

IN the right hand quarter (at 10 and 10) stand the statues of REASON and INNOCENCE. The path that enters the wood, between these two, brings you on to the grot of INDEPENDENCE; into which having entered, you pass down a strait, short, hollow way, and rise, on a sudden, among corn fields, within the center, in view of the house of Content, and in the path to the Temple of Happiness.

IT would be tedious to explain what propriety has been aimed at, in the position of these figures. But, just to touch it, in this place, once for all--the grot of Independence could not properly be found, but in the quarter of Riches, since, tho' Reason is the guide, yet *that* might be bowed by Calamity: But it is placed on the right, in that quarter, because another of the guides must be Innocence, for Guilt is not capable of independence.

Description of the Grot of HONOUR.

THE six windows here, direct the eye to the six statues of AMBITION, HATRED, JEALOUSY, PAIN, CENSURE, and CEREMONY.

UPON

UPON the rocks, along the passage, thro' this grotto, are represented, in shell-work, of all shades, sizes, and colours, the different crowns and diadems, imperial, papal, and royal; as also, the coronets, which distinguish the degrees of nobility, together with the ribbands, collars, and crosses, of all the orders of knighthood. The rocks, too, are every where, in the properest places, planned with sea feathers, and branches of coral; and this grotto, like the rest, opens into the circular cloister.

THE statues, at the covered alley (mark'd 9 and 9) are those of HEALTH and GOOD-NATURE. They lead through the grotto of LOVE, till it ascends into a thicket of roses, jessamins, and honeysuckles, which end, gradually, in a little wilderness of briars, thistles, and furze-bushes; in the center of all which, appears the rock of REPENTANCE, covered over with moss, out of which water drops, weeping and melancholy. At the figures (9 and 9) on the right, the statues of FANCY and TRUTH. In the quarter, on the right, (marked 10 and 10) stand the statues of BACCHUS and FLORA,

FLORA, pointing inward, to the grotto of PLEASURE; which, after a rising and airy advance, comes out upon the *Temple* of DEATH, in an area, surrounded by yew-trees, and filled with tombs, representing a church-yard.

Description of the Grotto of **LEARNING.**

THE six statues seen through the six windows of this grotto, are those of CURIOSITY, DISQUIET, DOUBT, SICKNESS, ILL-BREEDING, and CONCEITEDNESS.

IN the passage along this grotto, the rocks are adorned with the figures (in little) of *Philosophy*, *Chymistry*, *Astronomy*, &c. in actions, and positions, and attitudes, all suited to their characters; together with compositions, in shell-work, resembling telescopes, quadrants, compass, books, printing presses, and other instruments of science; 'till it ends in the circular cloister.

AT the figures (9 and 9) on the left of this quarter, the statues of FANCY and IDLENESS, invite into the wood, and point on, to the grotto of WIT; through which the way seems open and lively, but grows narrower,

narrower, as it advances, 'till it ends, at last, in the *bowel* of POVERTY.

ON the right, (at 10 and 10) are the statues of SPLEEN and DISAPPOINTMENT; -- these point, one with an angry, and one with a melancholy air, as toward the *Cave of Content*; but the path, that enters between them, leads to the grotto of SOLITUDE; which, after a winding underground descent, opens, dark, into the vault of DESPAIR; whence a gloomy ascent, up a broken stone stair-case, brings you out upon a grotesque pediment, in the midst of the canal, at B, where the next step must be *drowning*.

THIS, Madam, in general, is the plan; but it will give room for abundance of additional ornaments, which it would be tedious to particularize. The expence of this kind of work differs incredibly, according to the manner in which it is executed; but the most natural is not only the cheapest, but will also be found the most beautiful.

I HAVE given your Ladyship but a very imperfect idea of my rock-work; but

P

whatever

whatever conception you may have of my garden, I beg you to be assured, that its owner is, with great respect,

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient,

And most humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. THOMPSON.

Jan. 17, 1734.

DEAR SIR,

IF you were about to describe beauty, to some lady of exquisite charms, it would be but a mixture of justice and gallantry, to lead her to her *looking-glass*.

I HAVE the very same reason, for replacing the *present*, you were so kind as to make me, of your admirable poem, by another, of the same impresson, which I had sent for to the bookseller's.

BUT, to go on poet-like, and stretch the comparison, as far as it will bear--it is probable, upon looking in the glass, the lady might

might discover, that she had put a *patch* in the wrong place, and rectify that little effect of her having dressed herself too hastily,--- So, I flatter myself, you will forgive the zeal of my friendship, where it has marked out the inattention of a masterly conceiver, over your expression, in some parts of the poem.

I OBSERVE this, with the sincerity of a man, who loves, and who knows why he loves you; -- who has always been warm'd by your *genius*, and ambitious of your *reputation*. I never saw more *energy* in poetry; never *imagery* more glowing; never *sentiments* more elevated, than in the pieces Mr. *Thompson* has published. And, to crown all the rest, never was there *expression* more strongly easy, more clearly illustrative, than in every one of them, except this *last*: How happens it, that you would change a grace, almost peculiar to yourself, in favour of transposition and obscurity, by endeavouring after beauties, which, I am sure, are unnecessary to your *poem*, and (I fear) unnatural to our *idiam*.

NOTHING recommends blank verse, at all, but that it gives full liberty, to suit ex-

pression to the strength and clearness of ideas. If so, the obscurity, or hardness, must be less excusable

“WHERE the *strong* phrase should roll
profound and clear ;”

where it has the pretence of being compelled, by the necessity of a rhymers union ; in which last case, though we do not *approve* an unnatural construction, we are taught, by custom, to expect it.

To avoid encumbering you with quotations, from all those places in your poem, whereto reference must have been made, to particularize my meaning, I chuse rather to send you the poem, marked, as I went through it the second time, only for my private experiment, whether that obscurity, which I seem'd to meet with (a novelty so surprizing in your writings) was from want of apprehension, in myself, or a real difficulty, that might be removed, by change of a word, here and there ; and the glowing *felicity* of the *thoughts*, by that means, unveiled from a kind of *cloudiness*, the effect of your new turn, in expression.

HAVE

HAVE you not indulged, a little too much, the remissness of your *Printer*, with regard to his *pointing*? or, should you not rather call it his *inaccuracy*? For, in a multitude of places, it inverts the very *sense*, and, every where, increases the *difficulty*.

I HAVE another attack to make on your *Printer*; he perplexes us, in our *pleasure*, by running the sections too long. In a poet, so rich in his *matter*, and so figurative in his *fancy*, it is not merely, as a resting-place for his *eye*, that we delight in short divisions, and breaks, at the close of a sense. — we wish them, as so many stages for reflection.—We are sorry to out-run *intention*, and fall in upon new prospects, when we had purposed to stop, at the first *stile*, in order to look *back*, and dwell upon past beauties.

Too trivial an attachment to *inessentials*, is an affected and despicable *formality*: But, there are sometimes condemned, in that mistaken disapprobation, things ornamental and instructive. I refer you, for example, to your own indifference, for distinguishing substantives, by capital letters, as if this were

a printer's nicety ; whereby, in some parts of your poem, I found myself a-ground, or led astray, by a confusion of nouns with verbs of the same house, which, wanting this typical distinction of capitals, marking the former, must, of necessity, entangle the reader. Cast your eye, for an instance, upon the word *blaze*, in the 30th page of your poem.

ITALIC Demands for *emphasis*, have, sometimes, too, (as in verse the 3d, page 25) the plea, of almost a necessity, in their favour ; else, injustice would be done to a *strength*, or to an *elegance* ; for these are infallibly lost to *nine* readers in *ten* ; I include even poetical readers : so that it is not a *vanity*, that would court *admiration*--but a *help*, that would animate *conception*.

AFTER having ventured to say all this, in proof of my sincere affection for the *author*, it is due to *myself* (lest I *bedull* myself into a Critic) that I say something, to manifest my *taste* of the poem : But, because it would be impossible, for me, to express such a power, as I feel there is in it, let me conclude, with this short declaration.

It is all over *soul*: It *inspires*, and must, therefore, have been *inspired*. The images *live* in it, (as you say *sculpture* does, in the neighbourhood of *Rome*). They stand out, and *present themselves* to the touch, as if not described, but embodied. Yet, one is led, by the turn of your sentiments, to suspect you of robbery, as if you had stolen, from unhappy *Italy*, what, in the poverty of her present condition, she can, of all things, least spare; for, while you are writing of *old Rome's* liberty, you seem to have sucked in, with the *Roman* air, the *soul of an old Roman*. Go on, in your glorious endeavours, to *light up* the north, with this *fire*. We have always been lovers of liberty, in her coarseness, and rugged simplicity; teach us to *taste* her, in her *politeness*; teach us to be *free*, without *insolence*; and *elegant*, without *luxury*; to be *learned*, at once, and warlike; to be *traders*, but not *tradesmen*; and, in fine, to *deserve*, by our happiness, the *envy* of the rest of the world, but to *escape* it, by our *humanity*. If this is in *verse*, you can do it; and, I am sure, you will always be *willing*, or your *heart* is less known than your *genius*, to,

Dear Sir, Yours, &c.

Oct. 23, 1734.

S I R,

THE pleasure you gave me, in *Othello*, was so new and surprizing, that I cannot forbear sending you my private acknowledgment, though you have been better thanked by the voice of the people.

Pantomimes and Operas had almost given me a distaste to musick; but I am reconciled to it, in your speaking.

THE *ghost* of Mr. *Booth* seems to have appeared, in *Covent Garden*, to remove a *despair*, which the town was brought under, of ever hearing a *Tragic Actor*, with patience, 'till after the *force* and the *sweetness* of that great speaker should be forgotten, amongst us.

IN the midst of your just applause, which gives me a delight, as sincere and lively as your own, permit me to offer a hint, or two, which, if you have leisure to weigh, before your next appearance, may, by such a genius as yours, be improved into a guard against some little relaxations, which
have

have employed the spleen of a few censorious triflers--men, who having a *blindness* in their understandings, are kept *dark*, to the most delicate beauties.

SOME of these remarked, at your first entrance, a languid hanging of the head and arms, very different from your animated gesture, when you became fired with the passions in the character. Good sense, and good nature would have known how to account for this, and considered it as an effect of concern, and the merit of modesty: But, as the first appearance strikes most strongly, and it is easier to receive, than to remove, a bad impression, I could wish, you would assume, from your very first step upon the stage, all that warlike boldness of air, that arises from keeping the nerves (as well of the arms, as the legs) strongly braced, and the visage erect and awful; carrying marks of that conscious superiority, inseparable from a character, so dignified as *Othello's*.

IN pursuance of this caution, you will naturally be mindful, on two particular occasions: First--where, in kneeling, your right

right foot, instead of being turned outward, stood bent the contrary way.—And, secondly—when, at your arrival in *Cyprus*, you ran so eagerly to the arms of *Desdemona*, that *love* (as is commonly the case) made you unmindful of your *greatness*, which might, however, be well enough preserved here, by a certain stately, yet tender, *advance*, not tripping lightly, to her *embrace*; but a little quickening the *step*, more strongly extending the arms, gently inclining the *breast*, not the *head*, and sending your *look*, as it were, before you, with a kind of amorous *delight*, in approaching her.

SOMETIMES, either by turning your *face* too much from the *front*, or not enough raising the articulation of your *voice*, we lost a line, or half a line, in the *boxes*. This, or more, we could readily have spared to some of your *brothers*, but none are willing to give up words, where every accent is harmony.

For the same reason, you will always be sure to please most, by how much the more distinctly, and significantly, you *dwell* upon expressions, which ought to be *emphatical*:—Too running and unpointed an utterance takes off from the *pathetic*, that
should

should never be wanting in *Othello*. He says nothing, that is not *important*; therefore, *weight* should never be *absent*, in the *tone* that expresses it, no more than in the *look* that accompanies, or in the *action* that imprints it. A particular inference will follow this observation, with respect to *sentences*, where they have any thing strikingly peculiar, which should always be both preceded and closed, by a *pause* of considerable length; to awaken and prepare expectation, and the other to give time for reflection, that, so, the *image* may descend perfect, from the *ear* to the *understanding*.

By effect of judicious pauses, too, taking breath in well-chosen places, a *voice*, of such compass as yours, may, in the highest torrent of passion, rise still stronger and clearer, beyond belief or example.

IN the number of your beauties, I was extremely pleased with one, as it was not only *natural*, but almost solely *your own*. --- It was that impressive attention, with which you listened, while spoke to, and the intent direction of your *eye* to its proper *object*, on the *stage*; whereas, it is common, among modern actors, to bestow their *looks*, and their

their *language*, upon the *audience*; whom, by that means, they are sure to put in mind, that they are only *Players*, and in *jest*; and so destroy the noblest delight of the scene; which is, that we should be deceived into a supposition, that it is not *imitation*, but *reality*.

I FORBEAR to wish you *success*, because it is a consequence, and you are *sure* of it: Neither will I wish you *joy*, since the *town* should rather be congratulated upon the discovery, that *Tragedy* need not be *lost*, for want of an *Actor*, who is capable of supporting it; yet, I am, very truly, and very much,

Sir,

Your Well-wisher,

And most humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. THOMPSON.

Feb. 17, 1735.

DEAR SIR,

YOU have lately given me two pleasures; for one of them I am indebted to fortune, who brought me near you, (tho' not quite near enough) the other night, at the *Playhouse*.

THE second I owe to a hand, I am infinitely more proud to be obliged by; for I received your beautiful present of *Liberty*, from its author.

It will be, in all senses, an ornament to my *Budy*. It will also be such to my *heart*, and my *memory*; for I shall never be able to think of a loveliness in moral, a frankness in social, or a penetration in political life, to which you have not, in this inimitable master-piece, both of language and genius, given a force, and a delicacy, which few shall be born with a capacity to feel, and none ever with a capacity to exceed.

I DON'T

I DON'T know a pleasure I should enjoy with more pride, than that of filling up the leisure of a well-employed year, in exerting the critic, on your poem; in considering it, first, with a view to the vastness of its conception, in the general plan; secondly, to the grandeur, the depth, the unleaning, self-supported richness of the sentiments; and, thirdly, to the strength, the elegance, the musick, the comprehensive, living energy, and close propriety of your expression.

I LOOK upon this mighty work, as the last stretched blaze of our expiring genius. It is the dying effort of despairing and indignant virtue, and will stand, like one of those immortal pyramids, which carry their magnificence thro' times, that wonder, to see nothing round them, but uncomfortable desert!

YET, you must give me leave, while I but admire your genius, to love your soul, that has such compass of humanity! your poem is not newer, than your mind; nor your expression stronger, than your virtue.

WHAT-

WHATEVER *school-enthusiasm* has mis-dreamt of *Homer*, that he knew all *arts*, and that his works have taught their practice, might be almost said, and proved, of *Mr. Thompson's Liberty*, without partiality, or flattery; whatever has been *suffered, done, or thought*, thro' all the revolutions of forgotten time, your more than *magic muse* revokes, reacts, and animates, till we become cotemporaries of every busy age, and *see, and feel* the changes, which they *shone, or sunk* by.

'Tis possible, that this devoted nation, irrecoverably lost in luxury, may, like your

— Little artist, form,
On *higher life* intent, its filken tomb.

It *may* rise to *future animation*, and (its wealth, its pride, and commerce lost) lose also its corruption, and re-triumph, in the strength of un-desiring poverty. For, certainly, you have detected the *sole root* of every *English evil*, you deplore, so beautifully.

Whenever puff'd with *pow'r*, and gorg'd
with *wealth*,
Nations, like ours, let *trade* enormous rise,
And

And East, and South, their mingled treasure pour ;

Then, swell'd impetuous, the *corrupting* flood
Bursts o'er the city, and devours the land.

THINK, seriously, upon this observation,
and try, if, in all your intimate acquaintance
with past ages, you can find a people long,
at once, retaining *public virtue*, and *extended commerce*.

SEARCH, too, as much in vain, for one,
who is, with warmer truth, and better
founded zeal, than I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient

And most humble Servant,

A. HILL.

DEAR

Jan. 3, 1736.

DEAR SIR,

YOU had a great deal of goodness, to forgive my interposing, the other day, in a concern of so tender a nature : Be so just, to assure yourself, nothing less could have led me to do it, than the urgency of your nearest relations, that I should give you my thoughts on the occasion, whereon they seem to place great consequence, with regard to your fortune and figure in life ; but, I must confess, that those softer, and more generous arguments, which you enforced, on your own part, from the personal merit of that other lady, to whom your heart has so long been attached ; with your abhorrence of such cruelty, as to afflict her with a separation ; the effect of which is to be dreaded, in a passion so sincere, and so delicate. The strength and humanity of all these reasons, together with those grateful and noble confessions of your still undiminished affection, and the lady's increase in deserving it, make me heartily wish, that your family had not engaged me, in a cause, which I am much more inclined

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to

to give up, than defend, in all lights, but one only.

I AGREE with you (and so must all men, who have sense of fidelity,) that the utmost compassion of tenderness is due to the confiding, and the lovely.---I agree with you, too, that the right way to judge, is, to put one's self in the place of the forsaken. Give me leave, to do this fairly, with the most impartial sincerity of reasoning; and it shall be my only additional argument to those I gave you the pain of considering, when we talked, on so unpleasing a subject.

REMEMBER, how positive you were, that your quiet is so dear to this lady, that, (supposing her under temptation, like yours) she would have no regard at all to a prospect of improving her condition, by quitting you. The cases, tho' so seemingly alike, differ widely, when you come to compare them. By the present extraordinary occasion of advancing your fortune, you become master of its use, and its influence, and can direct it to augment, instead of destroying the ease, in life, of this lady, from whose immediate possession it snatches you. A woman's case, in this point, is the reverse

reverse of a man's.--You leave me safely to infer, from the care I observed you to profess, for this beloved party's well-being and affluence, that such an increase of your own good fortune, as this match will secure you, must draw on (as its necessary consequence) a considerable new lift to the lady's.

BUT you insisted, I should put myself in her place, and I see not how I am able to do it, without allowing the full and necessary weight, to those afflicting impressions; she must suffer under, from an appearance of your having unkindly forsaken her; -- unkindly, because of those engaging demonstrations, which you confess, she has given you, of a faith, and a faithfulness, that can never be too gratefully rewarded. I can find but one answer to this; -- you declare, that her understanding is of a piece with her personal accomplishments.--If it be so, she, herself, will advise you, not to lose an occasion of establishing your interest and her own: She will know, (after a little serious reflection) that such opportunities will not always be offering; that the longer she possesses you, the remoter you must be from the likelihood. And since

you will be growing old-together, she will be unwilling to hazard such an idea in your memory, as that you lost (for her sake) the very power of enlarging her condition into independence and happiness.

AFTER all, were the 30000*l.* that is offered you, thirty times 30000*l.* I should think it a baseness, to look upon interest, as a reason for your leaving a lady to affliction and misery, who has so gentle a claim to your compassion and tenderness. But, when the very reward of that claim can only be fully found, in such a prudential necessity of exalting your love, into a friendship, as dear and desirable, it cannot properly be said, that you leave her at all; and (since she is wise, as well as sincere) she will never reproach you, for an action, she herself has such share in the advantage and good effect of. Yet, trust your resolution neither to reason alone, nor to passion. Marry both these together, and they will afterwards marry you; and the lady you desire to retain, will give you generously up, to the lady who wishes to attract you. -- Think as justly upon *this*, as you do upon *other* occasions,

sions, and the event will be sure to stand justified to,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient,

Humble Servant,

A HILL.

To Mr. THOMPSON.

May 20, 1736.

DEAR SIR,

WHEN your friends wait a long while for such letters as yours, they are sure to receive a kind of balance, from your equity; for they must, at least, be as long in forgetting, as they were in expecting them. They come charged, like the winds of *Arabia*, with the fragrant exhalations of the climate, they belong to.

ONE of the natural growths of such a mind, as we see in your writings, is the generosity of your purpose, in favour of the bookseller. I am in love with the humanity, that inspired such a sentiment; but, for

sake of my country, wish it may never be carried into execution ; because the beauty of the action, would, of necessity, prevent its ever being forgotten ; and a kind of national infamy, which must disgrace us to posterity, will, as infallibly, be a consequence of its being remembered.

I CONFESS myself sincerely mortified, to hear, that such a poem as *Liberty*, in such a nation as *Great Britain*, can have failed to make a bookseller as rich as an ungrateful people have been made, by its invaluable fund of manly sentiments : but there are *dispositions* (in political, as well as natural bodies) which have prevalence to help, or hinder, the effect of medicines ; and I am apprehensive, that *republican* improvements, upon *monarchical* foundations, will but spoil two different orders, either of which, alone, might have had strength and gracefulness.

As to the criticisms, you desire me to send you, against a second edition of this beautiful Poem, it would be the easiest, and pleasantest task in the world : For I could fill a large volume, with unanswerable proofs, that there is something, *newer* and *greater*,

greater, in this work, than in any that I ever met with, in poetry.

My criticisms, in the sense, to which you limit the word, would be of as narrow a reach as the *taste* of the age, you have writ to. They would, in a manner, be confined to one view---and that is, to examine, whether, notwithstanding the care I perceive you have taken, to avoid it, the plenitude of idea, that is every where so glowingly distinguishable, has not left, here and there, some degree of obscurity in the expression, from the difficulty you must have met with, to reduce infinity into distinction.

THE places are few, and the fact is too doubtful, to be insisted on.---You shall decide, by one single example, whether I am right, in my notion, or conceive not so clearly, as you have really expressed yourself.

“ She too the mineral feeds; the obedient

“ *lead,*

“ The warrior *iron*, nor the peaceful less,

“ Forming of life art-civiliz'd the bond.”

If my ear and apprehension, deceive me not very much, there is a hardness and

darkness, in some part of the turn of this expression. And, though a comma, between *peaceful* and *less*, and a parenthesis round the epithet, *art-civiliz'd*, would have greatly facilitated the comprehension, yet, if I am not more mistaken, than I ought to be, when I give my opinion to a friend, it would have been clearer, in some such manner, as the following.

The peace, and war-supporting *iron* bond,
That holds together life's whole chain of
arts.

WOULD to God, you were in the right, in that part of your letter, which wishes, in lieu of state-patronage, in favour of learning, that we had only some good *act of parliament*, for securing to authors the property of their own works ! methinks, if the act would go deep enough, to reach the very root of your wish, it should, also, secure to the publick, the education of her gentlemen, as well as the property of her writers ; since, where the first are unable to *taste*, the last must *write* to no purpose. I am afraid, the nourishment of good taste should begin in the *cradle* ; and the *modus* of thinking be as political a part of the constitutional

tional care, in a state that would be famous for *arts*, as early and necessary application to *arms*, was, in states that have aspired to a military greatness.

THE truth of this remark appears nowhere more visibly, than at the entertainments of our *stage*, (the decline, and blind management whereof, you so pathetically describe and lament). The Plays and Players seldom fixing my attention, I have leisure enough to observe, and I do it with a melancholy delight, the effects of great and masculine sentiments, on the nominally noble, and most powerful part of the audience. — Here I have always the mortification to see, in their very eyes, that their *hearts* have no *feeling* for *virtue*; and that their *heads* have no perception for *genius*: They are strongly susceptible of whatever they were born to *despise*; and poorly insensible to every thing that they ought to *encourage*.

In such a situation, alas! what hope from an *act*, unless it were to be an act, for the future production and manufacture of act-makers.

THE

THE warmth you express against this corruption of our stage, is the natural indignation of a breast.

“—— the bounds of *self* divinely bursting:

I was once of opinion, that the cure might have been easier, than I now am afraid 'twill be found: I know well, that nothing, moral or instructive, was expected, or desired, by the modish frequenters of Theatres; but I had a notion, it might be possible, to surprise them into correction. I considered, that the passions, being the springs of the heart, when they are powerfully struck out by the writer, and as strongly imprinted by the actor, in their representation, they ought to force their way over the *will*; in which case fools of fashion (since they have some feeling) must, I thought, be pleased; but, being pleased, unawares, they would find, I thought, a keener delight, by how much less they expected it.

UNDER influence of such notions as these, I was almost determined to have put myself to the trouble and expence of an experiment,

experiment, without other subscription or support, than the countenance of a dozen, or two, of untaxed encouragers, properly chosen, to some written declaration, that there being a design on foot, for opening a *new tragic theatre*, for extending and regulating the conduct of the stage, and appropriating its influence to the service of wisdom and virtue, their names were subscribed in declaration, that they would protect, and give countenance to the undertaking, as long as it should be carried on, with a skill and endeavour, correspondent to the proposal.

If the P——e could have been engaged, in the head of such a list, it would have had all the effect of a patent, without the noise and the difficulty; and the Opera-house, in the *Haymarket*, would have had three or four nights, weekly, to spare, for the beginning, 'till the success of the affair might have shewn, how far worth while the *reformation*, as well of the *fabric* and *form*, as the *management* of a *Theatre*, was.

I WAS pleased with this scheme, 'till I came to consider, where the names could be found, and by what means to engage them, without renouncing that retreat, that obscurity

scurity of choice, which I had assumed to myself, as the share I laid claim to, among the most desirable blessings of liberty.--- There I *stopt*, and began to discover a kind of inconsistency of purpose, in the leisure, and reflection, which must be necessary for *planning* and conducting the design, opposed against the sollicitation and address, without which it would be found impossible to make it successful.

So much for the *stage*; to which I add, in behalf of *Zara*, because you have done her the honour to invite her to a shelf, in your study, that she shall wait on you, shortly, with a younger sister, much handsomer.

I AM pleased to hear, that Mr. *Pope* was so kind, as to make any enquiries concerning me; I must allow such merit as his, to intitle its possessors to think, *when* they will, and *what* they will, of their friends. It is enough that I feel him through distance; I lose none of his force, from the coldness of his friendship; on the contrary, I am made sure, by some reasons I have to be convinced, we think differently of each other; that my esteem for *him*, is the effect of

of his excellencies, because it could have no ground to grow in, if it were the return of partiality.

YOUR good nature was justly and generously employed, in the mention you make of poor Mr. *Savage*: --- It is a long time, since I saw him: I have been told, some of his friends make complaints of certain little effects of a *spleen* in his temper, which he is no more able to help, and should, therefore, no more be accountable for, than the *misfortunes*, to which, in all likelihood, his constitution may have owed it, originally. It is pity, methinks, there is nobody to be found near the king, who has *weight* enough, and *will* enough, to put him effectually in mind, that the singular care of this unfortunate son of a nobleman, born in wedlock, to inherit the estate and title, and prevented in both, by the extraordinary interposition of a parliamentary power, without reserve of subsistence assigned him, seems to leave him the most equitable right in the world, to such a pension from the crown, as might put him above those mortifications in life, which, no doubt, must have sowered his disposition, and given the unreflecting part
of

of his acquaintance, occasion to complain;
now and then, of his behaviour.

PRAY how long do you stay in *Kew-lane*?

--- I have no other reason for asking, but
because I have long been resolving a visit to
Richmond, and, while you are so near it,
my inducement will be doubled. I have
promised my daughters to shew them the
queen's garden and hermitage; and the
weather now begins to look, as if it would
throw off its *English* uncertainty, and allow
us some short specimen, whereby we may
guess, what *foreigners* mean, when they
talk of fine *summers*. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate,

And obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

SIR,

Feb. 28, 1736.

S. I. R,

I SEE clearly, by some names among your performers, that you are not in so much danger as I apprehended, on that quarter. But, I am afraid, you are in more, than you imagine, on another; and that is, from the choice of your subject, and allegorical *remoteness* of your satire.---What I mean is, that the necessity your prudence was under, to disguise your design with *caution*, has so perplexed it with *doubtfulness*, that I am fearful, in the hurry of action, some of the *most meaning* allusions, in your piece, may be mistaken for scenes, which want any meaning at all; while, on the other side, among the few, who can penetrate purpose, and unravel the *satire*, as fast as they hear it, you will find *some* persons malignantly disposed, upon a supposition, that royalty, in general, should never be the mark of contempt; and others, because they will conclude, you have levelled your aim against particular objects, at whose expence they must incline to be diverted.

FROM

FROM these apprehensions, I am compelled to depend on your good-nature for excuse, as to the Prologue and Epilogue : I have good reasons for declining every hazard, of being considered in a light this would very unseasonably shew me in ; and I should do an injustice to your candour, if I made the least doubt of your pardon ; upon a motive of this nature.

I am heartily sorry, I had not sooner an idea of your plan ; and flatter myself, I might have had the good fortune of persuading you to change it, for some other, not only of less dangerous provocation, but more promising likelihood, to fall in with the publick capacity. *Dramatic Levels* are to be taken by the apprehension of those we would divert ; no matter how just, or how poignant our meanings, if they lie not open, and visible enough to be catched, in their glancing. --- You know who, very much to your purpose, has told us,

“ That stars beyond a certain height,
“ Give mortals neither heat, nor light.”

UPON the whole, if it were possible, in so short a time as is left you, to substitute
any

any other of your pieces, in place of this *Rehearsal of Kings*, I am convinced, you would avoid a disappointment, and, perhaps, a mortification. --- And, persuaded as I am, of this, upon repeated and attentive reflection, I think it an honest error, to hazard my judgment, than, by disguising my sentiments, do injustice to my sincerity ; for I shall be always desirous to prove myself,

Sir,

Your most obedient,

Humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. de VOLTAIRE.

June 3, 1736.

S I R,

I SAW, by accident, a paragraph from a letter of *Monsieur Thieriot*, to Mr. *Grignon*, a friend of his in *London*, which has given me the pleasure of perceiving, that you are too generous to disclaim your *Zaire* ; though naturalized in *England*. My countrymen have, hitherto, been much more

R

ready,

ready, to adopt the *folly*, than the *wit*, of *France*; I, therefore, looked upon you, as my lawful *prize*, and seized you to adjust the balance.

I FOUND you born for no one country, by the embracing wideness of your sentiments; for, since you *think* for all mankind, all ages, and all languages, will claim the merit of your genius.

WHATEVER narrowness there is in *poets*, there is none in *poetry*, at least, your poetry. ---What paints all manners, should delight all countries; and you have only to resolve to *die*, if you would live in *hearts*, as well as *tongues*. But, while you shew us other men's great qualities, in the most strong and equitable lights, you make yourself appear unjust, in one particular; for you would cut off that relief of fools, their railing at contemporary excellence. You are (to own the truth) unconscionably a Monopolist, and *poor* wretches, whom your *plenty* makes so, have the right of clamorous indigence, to be abusive, with impunity.

ALZIRA was sent too late to *London*; she should else, in one and the same season, have

have inspired the *stages* of two nations ; but, even as it is, a company of very skilful actors are now re-opening the great Theatre, in *Lincolns-Inn fields*, in order to perform this tragedy.---I own, I have encouraged them to this attempt, in *summer*, to protect you from a *winter* storm of mercenary pens, that, tempted by your *Zaire's* success, were threatening to disjoint *Alzira* : But, to prevent her being blotted, by defacing pencils, I chose rather to produce her hastily, much less a beauty than you drew her, than permit her to be robbed more slowly, of her spirit, air, and likeness.

I was already got to a *retreat*, in which I bury my town purposes, when, about three weeks since, the *French Alzira* was, first, sent down to me by my Bookseller ; and now the Actors (perfect in their parts) are ready to begin its representation : This charge against myself I send you for two reasons ; such a precipitation will excuse the *faults* in my own version, and convince you of my zeal to save you from *duller*.

My letter is in *English*, because I have seen proofs, in print, that you are master of

our tongue, while, on the contrary, I neither write nor speak, in yours, with freedom or correctness.

Be pleased to honour me with your commands, to *whom* I may address, for you, my version of *Alzira*.---I take acquaintance with your *spirit*, not without a melancholy sense of what I lost, by being absent, in the tour of *Scotland*, at a time, when many of my friends enjoyed your *personal intimacy* here, in *London*. But I know you, in your noblest self, as millions now know *Homer*, and *Eurypides*; and as future millions will *Voltaire*, when envy shall be choaked in dust, or *France* deserve it, for producing *you*. I beg to have a place assigned me, in the list of the sincerest of,

Sir,

Your most humble,

And obedient Servants,

A. HILL.

From my House, in Petty
France, Westminster.

MADAM,

August 7, 1736.

MADAM,

IT was very late, last night, before I gave up the scheme of a little journey to *Tonbridge*, on this very *Saturday*; where, tho' my *stay* must have been short, my satisfaction would have been infinite; for I had delighted myself with a prospect of waiting on you back again.

BUT this cannot now be---Stubborn business interposes--and the only amends I can make myself, for the disappointment, is, to dwell on your idea, with a double sense of its sweetness, 'till I am restored to the blessing of your real and personal converse.

IN the mean time, I have made a discovery, that those *philosophers*, who have been puzzling *themselves*, and their *readers*, with enquiries after the *seat of the soul*, might have been convinced (could they have been happy enough to meet with some such amiable composition as yours) that there is no part of the body without it. Whenever you *speak*, it is in your *tongue* -- when you are *silent*, it is in your *eyes*; and you never sit

down to *write*, but it descends to your *fingers*. It was diffused, I am sure, over every part of your *letter* : not a line, but carried marks of your fine sense, and your delicacy.

YET with all this excess of accomplishments, you are sometimes a little *unjust* ; you would not, else, have disapproved my retreat from the crowd of the world, since it is by such company as yours, men are taught to love *solitude*. There are *pilgrims*, among the *Turks*, who at their return from the temple of their prophet, burn their eyes, with hot irons, so to shut out, by a voluntary *blindness*, all less holy and commoner objects. There is a much more provoking descent, from Mrs. L--w--r's conversation, down to that of the world ; and the only way, for a man to be happy, who has once enjoyed that blessing, and must not continue to enjoy it for ever, is, by declining all other society, to escape the mortification of too remote a comparison.

WHERE, with the modesty of the *woman*, is mixed the tenderness of the *friend* : -- where frugality only limits generosity, and wisdom carries caution, dressed in the air
of

of the most affable openness : -- where experience and conduct in life, instead of justifying some shadow of vanity, serve only to strengthen humility, and the memory lets slip nothing, but remembrance of anger and injuries; ---where, to all these endearing charms of the *mind*, there is added a *person*, that looks as if *heaven* had made it on purpose to deserve and become such a spirit; *Who* (that sees, hears, and thinks) would be absent from such a union of loveliness?

For my part, I can never reflect on these enchanting truths, without finding some new reason, for professing myself, with unchangeable and increasing respect,

Madam,

Your most faithful,

And devoted Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. POPE.

From Buxton Wells, Derbyshire.

May 11, 1738.

S I R,

I HAVE been, for some time, a solitary Rambler ; and having, in a tour which I began with last summer, and am in hopes of putting an end to with this, visited some of our own, and our neighbour's sea coasts, I stole the delight of conversing, great part of a day, with some vegetable children of yours, in Lady Peterborough's gardens, at *Mount Bevis*. I was so pleased, with many things I saw there, that I could have worshipped, in her groves, like a Druid :--- I forgot myself, for many hours, into an escape from that proportion of pain, which imbitters our most tender reflections, when they relate to our offspring of a less grateful and prunable kind, into an enjoyment of that serener satisfaction, which you are intitled to receive, above most men ; and more capable, perhaps, of receiving, *under* the increase of your flourishing green families.

For my own part, even when a boy, I was very apt to be out of conceit with a life
of

of much rapture or bustle; but what was then mere *election*, being now become *nature*, I assign myself no further concern with the world, than to accommodate my *desires* to my *lot*; for, after having vainly aspired to be *active*, to some good ends, and good offices, which I am not allowed the prosperity, that was necessary, for effectually reaching, all I now find remaining, as a task for my future solitude, is, to learn to be *lazy*, without *spleen*, and submit to be *useless*, with *temper*.

HOWEVER, to confess a plain truth, I don't know, whether I am not setting up for a pretender to virtue, from a moderation, wherein *Nature* has more share than *Grace*; there being one among our passions, which you have taught us to detect in its coverts, where it makes the least noise of them all, -- like the *still, soft voice*, wherein God condescended to come, when he would neither be found in the thunder, nor whirlwind,

“ One, oft more *strong* than all--the love of *ease*.”

BUT what imports it, whether a person of so little consequence as myself, owes his
content

content in retirement to his natural taste, or his indolence. There is *one* thing, I am sure, which we all of us owe to the *public*; and that is, some account of the uses we make of our leisure.---If I might be allowed to commute, in a penance enjoined me by fortune, I would atone, very willingly, for my *doing* too little, by *thinking* as much, and as well as I am able: I should only be afraid of supposing myself *busiest*, when, in truth, I was most idly *employed*. And of this probability, I wish I may not, just now, be about to give you a specimen.

I HAVE lately been looking back upon a design, which I had gone a good length in, and laid by, in the year 1730. --- An Essay on Propriety, in the Thought and Expression of Poetry; wherein both Heads are considered, with a Limitation to three distinct Requisites --- *Adaption, Simplicity, and Closeness*. It will be ready for publishing against winter; but finding many reflections, in this tract, which relate to some parts of your writings; wherein, if you were not mistaken, by *accident*, I myself have been so, by deliberate error of judgment, I would rather be set right, by your *own*, than
the

the *publick's* opinion ; and it is, therefore, the business of this letter, to bring you, first, a short sketch of my general purpose ; and, in the next place, to offer you not only a private examination, but even the absolute and final *decision* of every such censure, as concerns you.

To begin at the wrong end, like a true modern Critic, I have, under the head of Expression, particularly, kept in my view, a very *common*, yet, I think, little *noted* defect of good writers ; most of whom I find apt to throw out their conceptions but in gross, by a too general representation of the idea, as it strikes in the whole ; disregarding, as an unnecessary care, to appropriate the Words they make use of, to their distinct and particular tendency. And, from this hasty and comprehensive inaccuracy of *writers*, I conceive it to arise, that the generality of *readers* (now no longer exacting that *choice* which makes elegance) seem to have lost sight and taste of that *delectus verborum*, wherein *Cæsar* (I think it was *Cæsar*) placed the strength and foundation of *eloquence* : and whence only can arise such exactness as will justify a very lively imagination of your own :

“ Expression

“Expression is the *dress* of thought.”

I CALL it your imagination, because, I believe, the idea must have been *shape* (not *dress*) of *thought*; dress, however, an ornament, being a *concealment*, or *covering*; whereas expression is manifestation and *exposure*.

Expression is the *birth* of thought --- grows round,
Limbs the loose soul, and shapes it into found.

BUT this is a start, and digressive: -- What I was going to say, and return to, is this: -- If any man wants proof, how much of the air of good poetry may be lost by that loose *furtout* dress, now in fashion, let him instruct himself, from your opposite examples. -- Let him attempt but to substitute another word, of equal effect, in the place of that living monosyllable *shagg'd*, in one of your, I had almost said, *inhabitable* landskapes.

“Ye grots, and caverns, *shagg'd*, with horrid thorn!

AND, if afterwards he would convince himself, what indispensable necessity there remains,

remains, that the minutest regard should be had to a chain of such powerful *verbal* propriety, even by those happy and masterly hands, which have been taught by it, to build mountains in verse, 'till they not only stand out to the *eye*, but are felt, as it were, and walked over, by the fancy; he need only examine with care, and he shall see some of the most celebrated of those wonderful artists, taking pains to obscure their own images as often as, abandoning the reins to a luxuriant vivacity of genius, they will not stoop to bind meanings to syllables.

He would, here and there, find a place, even in the strongest and most animated of our writers, where, despising, perhaps (as in painting) the too trim and cold stiffness of *finishing*, he has his descriptions struck *flat*, by a *word*; as if fancy fell into the palsy.

GIVE me leave to explain, what I have ventured to say, by an instance; one of the last that would be in danger of discovery, from the *confiding* sagacity of your courteous and gentle perusers; but, which you will, yourself, see the *weight* of, in a moment.

WHEN

WHEN such a writer as you, for example, took a resolution of describing the swiftness of *Camilla*, under the most agile hyperbole of lightness; even to her treading upon *corn-stalks*, without *bowing* them; nobody can doubt, but your meaning, in such a description, must have been, that she *skimm'd* the scarce-touch'd plain, she *flew* over; -- yet, when, on the contrary, your expression says, that she *scours* it--that unwary mis-use of one word, checks the speed of your airy idea, and presents to the fancy, a quite opposite image of *pressure*, *attrition*, and *adherence*: And thus, by admitting even a single monosyllable, that concurs not in the general idea, you was so warmly conveying to the *reader*, it arrests the velocity you had in your view, with as sure and as sudden effect, as the *leaden death* did your *larks* in the *forest*, when they so beautifully left their little lives, in air, to the never-dying applause of the marksman who shot them.

You may reply, (I mean, any body, but you might reply) that, by the metaphorical sense of the word *scours*, as applied, in this place to *Camilla*, we ought to understand
nothing

nothing more, than her rushing violently over the surface: It is true; but in that very violence, you will have discovered, by this time, the disagreement between your intent and expression: Let us only imagine we see her charging, at the head of her squadrons, or pursuing the disarray of an enemy; and, in a moment, it becomes elegant to say, she is *scouring the plain*; because military rapidity, including ideas of insult and hostility, must be supposed to *lay waste*, while it passes; so that what, in one case, is *propriety*, becomes but *obstruction*, in the other, being mis-applied to velocity, independent of force; where it ought to have been simply considered as *swiftness*. A writer, of *your* rank, will never be capable of condemning such instances as these, under the thin plausibility of their being trifling, and verbal remarks; for, since your only design, in the place this is drawn from, was to instruct, by an example, how to paint *things in words*; such a word as defaces the very idea, you proposed to imprint, was an error, in the actual foundation, and must, in consequence, throw down the building. Besides, as the chief point here in view, was the structure or *sound* of your verse, with purpose

Where high-swoln surges sweep the found-
 ing shore,
 Roll the rough verse, hoarse, like the tor-
 rent's roar:
 When *Ajax* strives some rock's vast weight
 To throw,
 The line too lab'ring, each dragg'd word
 Moves slow.
 Livelier, the light *Camilla* skims the
 plain,
 Shoots o'er th' unbending corn, nor shakes
 th' unconscious grain.
 It would be offering an indignity to a tem-
 per and genius, like yours, to apprehend
 (from a freedom I had but only the private
 curiosity to use) any danger of being mista-
 ken for coxcomb enough, to have thought
 of so empty a vanity, as that of comparing
 my numbers. The simple truth is, I amu-
 sed myself, at that time, for my own satis-
 faction; but I now recommend to your re-
 consideration, one of your most admired
 great master-pieces of poetical harmony,
 with the honest and friendly intention of
 convincing you, by an instance, derived
 from yourself, that there appears still too
 much room, for a more verbal exactness of
 propriety,

propriety, even in the works of our first class of writers.

I AM afraid of growing tedious, if I should particularise all my reasons for imagining, you could have carried much farther, than you did, the above noble likeness, between your *verse* and your *images*: Such as, that the word *strain*, in your first line, requiring a *stretch'd* and *impressive* pronunciation, suits not the *softness* of the epithet.--- As also, that, both in sound and acceptation, there arises, from your expression *blows*, at the end of the verse, a kind of ruffling air of *windynefs*, too discomposing for the breath of a *zephyr*.

ADD to these, that as, in the fourth line, you seem to have designed, in the first four words, a gloomy picture of high billows, rising, rolling, and swelling, while they are yet in their approach to the strand, the *fifth* word (as it gives beginning to the cadence of that verse) ought to have brought on a *burst*, like the hoarseness of those billows in their breaking---The rushing of a watery sound--a kind of hollow, wat'hy murmur, like the workings of a surfy tide, repulsed
and

and struggling amongst pebbles. But, I hope, it may be enough, to acquit me of impertinence, if I only say something more largely, concerning any one verse of the eight; for, while I shall be busy in so doing, I am sure, your apprehension will preclude, and run before my justification, so as to make needless either reasonings or apology.

"The line too labours, --- and the words move slow."

I HAVE wondered very often, how it happened to be possible, to so cultivated an ear as your own, not to distinguish, in the second division of this verse, a certain declination to improper *quickness*, that runs down hill, too current, and unincumbered, for the labour and resistance of the image. According to my poor perception, three words, at least, of the five (which, I am sure, you must have meant, should move most slowly, because they convey both the *rule* and the *example*) dance away upon the tongue, with a *tripping* and *lyrical* lightness. And if such, in reality, is the case, then, from a want of that unpliant *repugnance*, that *obtundity*, or *bluntness* of structure, which you

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thought,

thought, you had sufficiently given them, and which would have kept them stubbornly distinct and inflexible, I they incorporate into a numerous *fluidity*, that expresses not the *idea* in your *precept*.

IT being my interest, to induce a *belief*, that my *Essay* would have something worth reading, it was, at least, no bad *policy*, to be as busy as I could with your writings; but you must not expect, you can furnish me with many instances of this kind. The assistance you offered most naturally, was on the contrary side of the prospect: As soon as I have finished, and transcribed the *Essay*, I will send it to *Twittenham*, in manuscript; resolving it shall carry no example of yours to the *press*, in a manner, against which you have any just exception.

I MAKE the same resolution concerning any thing I have said on your *thoughts*, where I found the field larger a little; tho' it tempted me too far out of my way, from conceptions originally your own, to your *remarks* upon the sentiments of others, and especially some of those in the *Bathos*; with which, however, upon reflection, I find no necessity to trouble the *publick*. Nay, were
you

you to bid me expunge them, I should do it, with very great pleasure ; for that would give me some *right* to propose your reviewing your censures yourself ; -- a resolution, which I heartily wish you would take, because a serious and critical condemnation of particular persons, by such *popular* writers, as *you are*, (supposing it, at the same time, *severe* and *unjust*) must descend to *posterity*, with one of these two bad consequences attending it : either it must be taken for *equitable*, upon the strength of the critic's *reputation*, to the *disgrace* of an innocent *sufferer*, which your heart is too *honest* to aim at ; or, if the censure itself is exploded, and found to want *weight*, it must transfer the *reproach* to the *censurer* ; who, in that case, receives his own *injury*.---So that it were really a pity, if in a treatise, abounding with *truth*, *fire*, and *satire*, any thing should be found, by impartial posterity, less derived from your *judgment*, than *passion*. But it is so probable, that I am, myself, in the wrong, at such times, when I chance to think *you* so, that I will beg your *own* sentiments on what follows, before I trust *mine* with the *publick*.

“None, but *himself*, can be his *parallel*.”

THE *Bathos* says, of this line ; with a keen and ironical *cruelty*, that it is profundity itself, and may seem borrowed from the thought of a *show-man*, who writ under the picture of his beast --- This is the greatest elephant in the world, *except himself*.

WHAT a *pity* ! when, from men, whose opinions will be partially adhered to hereafter, we are obliged to learn *sharpness*, in place of *deliberation*, and prefer the *sparklings* and *appearance* of *wit*, before *penetration* and *solidity* in the *judgment*. Or, pray, did I see wrong, when, in the place, whence you cited this line, I discerned the most manifest *difference*, between *corporal* magnitude, on one side, and *rational* greatness, on the other ? What relates to the *elephant*, I could easily find was *ridiculous*, because it implied bodily distinction of number, where the beast was but one and the same : But, how was there any resemblance of that blunder, in distinguishing between a man and his virtues ? When we are told by the historians, that *Alexander* was *unequal* to *himself*, what less must we understand, by this figure, than that his actions were unlike,

like, or *not parallels*? Why, but from effect of our rightly conceiving this duplicity of character, in one single person, do we *detest*, in the murderer of *Clitus*, *Philotas*, and *Calisthenes*, the same individual great conqueror, whom we can never be weary of *admiring*, in the tents of *Darius*, and *Porus*? I believe, if you had not been angry, when you censured *that* line, in the *double distress*, you would have found in it, this *delicate praise*: -- He was a man, than whom none had been *greater*; nor who had ever been *inferior* to *himself*: --- His virtues were not only *strong*--they were *steady*.

THERE is another very bold declaration of your judgment, upon a thought, where, I believe, Mr. *Theobald* might expect from your *justice*, that, on some future rehearing of the cause, you will give sentence against yourself, in his favour. At least, I own, I could never apprehend, upon what supposition of mistake, in *expression* or *figure*, you came to introduce, among *ridiculous* images, what (to me) seems as *natural* a reply, as ever was, or could possibly be given, from a *lover*, in defence of his *mistress*, against a reproach, that her *birth* was beneath him.

—“Th’ obscureness of her *birth*
 “Cannot eclipse the lustre of her EYES,
 “Which make her ALL one light.”

WHEN I first read your note on this passage, I found myself compelled into a short *hesitation*, by the regard, that was due to your *judgment*; but I immediately acquitted the *thought*, as not only a *just*, but a *lively* one; and the *expression*, as one of the most *proper* and *passionate* I had ever met with. And, to this day, I can understand it in no sense but one--Why talk’st thou to me of her *birth*? -- How can defects in her *fortune* be seen through such dazzling excess in her *beauty*?

LET such rash unweighed censures, as these, stand (in other men’s works) as a justification of your *own* exclamations against *malicious* and *ungenerous* criticism.-- But let it never be told to posterity, that there were such *spots* in the *sun* of our poetry; neither believe, I select these two passages, out of any particular tenderness for their author. I have not, for many years, either seen or corresponded with Mr. *Theobald*; they arose to my eye, by mere accident,

dent, as I was looking for a short hint, that might give you some notion of my plan, under each of the heads, which it treats of; and I send them you, from yourself, because it will be a real *delight* to me, and, by no means, a *disappointment* at all, to be better instructed, if I am wrong in my judgment; and, that you may be sure I am telling you truth, without affectation, false modesty, or compliment, I will, after you have seen and examined the whole Essay, leave out every thing, that relates to yourself, which I but observe to have been crossed by your pencil: For I shall then think my notes of most consequence, when they are *before* you, under private inspection; and especially, could they incline you to a review of some of the *least weighed*, and *most sharp* of your censures. --- Nay, if I know you right, you will rather *thank* than *condemn* me, for adding, that I look on you as under an obligation of *moral* necessity, to do this *christian* and generous duty; lest, where a *writer* of your high rank in wit, has, through haste, been deceived in his *judgment*, his *mistake* should run down, and be *multiplied* among ten thousand implicit reporters.

I HAVE

I HAVE written you a letter, that I now find, too late, to be grown into an unmerciful long one ; yet, if it were not for shame, could go on to write much more, and on many agreeabler subjects, find a great deal to say of yourself, concerning whom, when upon any, I speak more than enough, you should forgive me an excess, you have tempted me into. If I was hearing you talk, I could be pleased with *your* subjects ; but, 'till I find one for my use, which I can dwell on, with more satisfaction, you must learn to give place to yourself, in civility to,

Sir,

Your most affectionate,

And faithful Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. R———N.

May 29, 1738.

DEAR SIR.

I RETURN you the two volumes of *Milton's* prose writings, without having been able to break through them; tho' I struggled (with a ten times repeated resolution) to make way against the points and the hardnesses, which have made him impregnable to my patience.

WHAT a prodigious enthusiasm has poetry! that can lift a man out of himself!—Who could dream of the *Paradise Lost*, among the dry and coarse prose of its author? What a rapture and greatness in the *Poem*! What a meanness and malice, in the *discourses*! There was never any thing so like *Milton*, as the *Devil*, he describes in his poetry! possessing the strength and harmony of *heaven*, with a *will* that carried *hell* in its purposes!

I AM not able to *pardon*, much less am I capable of *admiring* him. I am shock'd, in every page, by a succession of the most virulent

lent *fanaticisms*. I find him a hater of *power*, only because born under a necessity of *obeying* it.---What a difference between *Har-rington* and *him* ! one, regarding sound principles, overlooked but the *season*, and the subject, he would have worked on, improperly ; whereas the other had no ground, no foundation for natural liberty ; but indulging a licentious independency on religion, on manners, or policy, was for pulling down authority, 'till it came to *his* level ; that his anger might have nothing to fear, nor his pride, a superior to flatter.

ADD to all, that his style is intolerable : He is affected, superficial, and crabbed : There is a malignance of nature in his thoughts, and a depravity of manners, in his expressions ; in short, he is selfish, arrogant, and revengeful ; --- conceited, sophistical, and odious.

How much kinder had it been, in Mr. *Toland*, and our late reverend editor, to have permitted him to sleep on, in his dust ! --- They have gathered his fragments together, like the limbs of some sinner, at the resurrection, which are only restored to be
damn'd,

damn'd, and might have been safe, if they could have enjoyed their obscurity.

I AM nevertheless obliged to you, however, for sending me the book; and must say of it, as the *blackamore* did to the *midwife*, when she shewed him his wife's new-born boy --- "It came out of a *place*, that I love, and, if it was not so *ugly*, I could *kiss* it."

WOULD to God, *you* had half as much *health*, as *Milton* had *malice*! -- If I knew a better wish, you should have it, from,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate,

Humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To Lord BOLINGBROKE.

June 25, 1738.

MY LORD,

NOW and then, at the distance, perhaps, of an age or two, there appear men, for the honour of their country, whose claims are so strong, to the admiration of posterity, that no *writer*, known to have been born their coteremporary, can escape some distrust of his own *taste* or *spirit*, if he has not applauded *theirs* publickly.

EXCEPT under impressions like these; what have poets to do with the powerful? Whatever zeal I may have for their worship, it is what very few great men have found troublesome; and it affords peace to my conscience, that I shall so seldom, among the catalogue of my sins, be found chargeable with that of *modern dedication*. What a shameful idolatry is that, which hath be-pagan'd the apostate sons of the Muses! degenerate worshippers, not in the groves, I confess, but, in far less inviting HIGH PLACES! *Bowers of the knee before BAALS*, of the same lumpish quality with the *Calf*, in the

the wilderness, and composed of the same damning metal!

YET; how justly soever I have been scandalized at these *abominations of us poetical heathens*, I have felt a check in my spirit, for neglecting the *primitive worship*.-- While we detest *superstition*, we should avoid *irreligion*, nor fall off from the God, who condescended to appear to our FORE-FATHERS. Wherever real greatness shines out with most *force*, it should attract with most *manifest* influence: and so, indeed, thank Heaven! it will: For if, now and then, it seems otherwise, for a season, it is the effect of a temporary *screen*; an unwholesome intervention of *fog*, which steams, perhaps, from some *fen of Corruption*.---It may endanger the *plague*, it is true, while it obstructs, stinks and putrifies: But, dispersing, at last, it brings benefit, quickening our relish for returns of lost sun-shine, and giving back our health, with fine weather.

BUT, when I would convey to another age my sentiments on the character, I find most amiable in *this*, to what a *flame* am I adding a *sparkle*!

sparkle ! The spirit of a *Bolingbroke* must assert its *own* lustre ; it disdains, or disgraces, an auxiliary ; a poor dull glowworm *make-weight* may be willing enough to burn out in its service, but it can have no chance of becoming discernable !

NOR was it easy, under influence of a taste like the present, for a *dedicator*, whose weight is not found in his *name*, to select any subject, capable of elevation, to merit *your* patronage, and the *ear* of posterity, that could be intitled to probability of becoming current enough, not to defame your acceptance.

YET, there occurred one, at last, that, without wanting dignity to attract your regard, carried prospect, at the same time, of a public *success*, from the claim it lays to of political mischiefs. With respect, indeed, to the vindication, it professes, of *Cæsar*, it is surprizing, there could be a people upon earth, among whom it became necessary to defend such a character. I have only this reflection, by way of attonement, that, were we to suppose such a spirit, as *Cæsar's*, ever at all looking down upon a people, so blind, or so partial, it must be with an eye of *forgiveness*

giveness and *reverence* ; if for no other recollection, in their favour, yet, as they have, now and then, had their ST. JOHNS among them.

BUT, I am afraid, my Lord, you have other pretensions, besides your supremacy of genius, to the right of protecting a *Cæsar*. The world will consider it as an obligation, no less *due* from your *justice*, than adapted to your *skill* and *authority*. They remember you lending the *antagonist* of *Cæsar* an assistance, that calls aloud for *reparation*. And, if the CATO of our climate deserved and grew great, by your support, from but an equal attachment to *liberty* -- fairer much stands the claim of his conqueror, in whom the same *root* of virtue threw out *branches*, of such accomplished urbanity.

THOUGH I know, that, next to the *dull*, the *digressive* are your Lordship's aversion ; yet, so powerful are our natural propensities, to be dwelling upon objects, which *please* us, that I find it a difficulty to draw off my eye from a strongly delicate little incident, in the steerage of turbulent purpose. What I consider in it, with most pleasure and wonder,

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is,

is, the impulse men are propelled with, by nature, to demonstrate their distinctions of genius! no occasion so great, or so public, into which a nibbling state reptile will not creep, to *contract* its dimensions. None so trivial, minute, and particular, but can be *extended*, by the guardians of government, 'till they become wide enough to take in *great uses*.

For it was not only a seasonable, it was an important vivacity of fore-cast, whereby that theatrical plot of *party* was so gayly, and so soon disappointed! and their poetical patriot *pressed* into the *service* of an administration, *against* whose views, and whose interest, all the spleen of malevolent wit had been sharpening the edge of his *satire*.

SUCH is the difference, between statesman and statesman! *one* is involved by events, and succumbs to, and subsists by *expedients*; the other *makes*, or adapts his occasions, and foresees and constrains their successes. --- There *are*, who can apprehend no importance at all, in the political use of a *Theatre*. There *have been*, who could attract its felt force to *their* ends, and divert all its gall on their

their enemies. Every *porter* in politics, can padlock the *door* against *satire*, and teach *power* to keep all *wit* at a distance. How much rarer is that *manly adroitness*, which can discern, intercept, and convert it, by a *direction*, the reverse of its tendency!

BUT, returning from a temptation, whereby, even the lowest of your Lordship's great qualities have a power to draw men aside into undesigned and unseasonable rapture, I proceed to a second reflection, that limited me, in the choice of a *patron*, with respect to this particular Tragedy.

I doubt, whether a regard to the truth of its *moral*, could strike any other great ornament of the present age, to such advantage of the future, as *you*, my Lord, can bestow on posterity. For, to what infinite lengths of advancement might not the interests of *learning* and *genius* be extended, by a spirit, which, among the obliquities and confinements of *politics*, could, and did, at the same time, [out-shine all mankind, in *humanity*, *wit*, *taste*, and *politeness*! had it only pleased heaven, for the general delight of our species, to disengage such a spirit into latitude, by surrounding it with *leisure* from *greatness*.

AND, yet, that the most dazzling and successful pursuits of *ambition* never served to any happier end, than to lay waste, and make wretched all the wit, and the learning, and wisdom--all the courage, and patience, and honesty -- all the grandeur, and god-like benevolence of the noblest master-spirits of the world--is a reflection, no example below *Cæsar's*, could have a right to impress on a *Bolingbroke*; because, if in the object proposed as a proof, there had appeared a too visible *inferiority*, the disappointment would have seemed to arise, not so much from inherent deception, the result of the passion itself, as from that personal inequality to the *pursuit*, which might then have been charged on the *pursuer*.

LONG -- very long -- and unenvied may the titular *lumber* of greatness, *common people* of ill-named *distinction*, crowd the shining approaches to *misery*! -- Let the *naturally* noble and splendid, lend their light, and their warmth to the *publick*.

I CAN think of no accident in government, whence more benefit is derived on mankind, than from the disgusts or resentment

ed ingratitude, which set free such fine minds, as your Lordship's, from the embarrassment of court-mazes and politics. So fall back, from a heat too remiss to detain weighty fluids, those salubrious and cherishing rains, to which earth owes her health, and fertility!

Would to God, *all* the qualities of a great and a celebrated *Roman*, who, in this place, rises into my memory, were as equal to the comparison, I would honour his name by, as were his eloquence, love of learning, and delight in the good of his country! -- I could then have remarked, without pain, under sense of the wrong, I am doing an *Englishman*, that, had not *Cicero* been malignantly dreaded at *Rome*, he had never spread himself abroad upon the universe, into those best lights of himself, that illustrate the fame of his character.---And, if I were not now speaking to the only good man in the world, who could possibly be displeased with the compliment, I would name a *superior* to irresolute *Cicero*! -- self-exiled to the reproach of his country! who will teach better times than he lives in, by the force of a *pen* never equall'd, truths, which his *tongue* (all resistless, and lov'd, as it is)

could neither have propagated, with such lasting effect, nor promulged to such boundless extension.

As for my own sense of things, who delight to turn soon from the melancholy side of a prospect, I consider the absence of such ill-understood great patriots, rather as a glory, than disgrace, to their country. For, having long seen too plainly, that we are permitted to make no more than a *jest* of old martial pretensions to *conquest*, in a neighbouring kingdom, I am, therefore, struck with a secret delight, while such a sovereign *English* spirit, as your Lordship's, residing in the midst of that powerful people, keeps up one claim, at least, to *superiority*, which they cannot fail, in *your* sight, to acknowledge, though they would *laugh*, with more reason than *we* do, at such a claim from our own side of the water.

It is so natural a transition, from the country, that is honoured with your residence, to its men of genius, who have been proud of your notice, that I take this to be the properest place, wherein to acknowledge my motives for disapproving the *Cæsar* of M. de *Voltaire*, notwithstanding the

reluctance

reluctance of a well-known partiality, for his writings. Yet, I disapprove with that *doubt*, which is due from one writer, who judges another, 'till your Lordship, (I dare say, on both sides, the most unexceptionable *mediator* in *Europe*) shall have been so good to decide it conclusively.

IF, after allowing all the force, and the spirit of this celebrated *French* genius, I, nevertheless, lay claim to the liberty of reason, and dislike, and dispute, without *licence*, 'tis because no apology, methinks, should be necessary for freedoms, which have *truth* for their motive; nor can distaste, and much less animosity, be derived without narrowness, from any difference in opinion or judgment. The relation between men (as mere men) seems a nobler inducement to associate their regards and affections, than the accidents of custom and country. But larger still, and more general by far, are the ties, that bind *writer to writer*. The common wealth of *letters* expands its naturalization by no narrower a bound than the *world*; and whoever is born but to *think*, is a citizen of that spreading republic.

YET, when the honour of *families* is at stake, it becomes the duty of brothers to support against brothers, the common cause of *paternal* attachment.---The writer, then, in dispute, will be too just to conceive himself injured, if I desert him, in behalf of my country. Indeed, I cannot, so much as by *silence*, admit the bad reason, which, in his preface to *The Death of Cæsar*, he has given his own countrymen, for writing that piece, which was (he says) that they might have a perfect idea of the *taste of the English in Tragedy*.

NOT to protest in repulse of this charge, would be, to acquiesce under Imputations of *brutality*. For, what less share of insensibility to all that is manly, or tender, can consent to mistake, as an *example of national virtue*, an inhuman, and bloody *Enthusiast*; who, having plotted to assassinate his benefactor, under suspicion or appearance of tyranny, persists in and executes the murder, even after discovering, that it is upon the person of his *father* !

I APPEAL, out of *England*, to the best judge of *England*, whether this would be
suffer'd

suffer'd on our stage? whether a nation, so vain of its claims to humanity, as not to have laugh'd at some writers of its own, when they asserted, with a serious face, that *good nature* was so entirely an *English* peculiarity, that there wanted even a *name* for the virtue, in every language of *Europe* but ours! whether, my Lord, a people, so rapaciously fond of a quality, that but endears and embellishes *duty*, could support without horror and hatred a scene, that makes war upon *nature*! violating the groundwork, the fundamental obligation of *being*, in behalf of a *collateral* virtue!

PRESUMING, on the right of an *Englishman*, that our judge has declar'd in our favour, I go on, to except against another too hasty conclusion, that seems to have misled *M. de Voltaire*, to reject *women characters*, in his Tragedy----I don't know, how he came off, from this charge, among those, who had most cause to be angry: But, if I am not mistaken in the spirit and fire he was born among, the *ladies of France* found it hard, to forgive his unmindfulness, how often their sex had been foremost, in both the glory, and disgrace of his country.

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I AM afraid, indeed, it will be urg'd, in his favour that he had none of his country-women, in view; for methinks, the motive to this adventurous, and more than *salic* exclusion, squints a little toward *England*, in the critical condemnation, he has bestow'd upon the *Martias*, and *Lucias*, in our Tragedies: I remember, where he has told all the world, that he hates such *insipid dangles in passion*: And many *Englishmen*, perhaps, would subscribe to his opinion, if it were to be understood but with this necessary restriction, that the levity of an amorous gallantry is inconsistently mixt with *distresses*, like the death of a *Cato* or *Cæsar*; but *Rome* could, surely! have furnish'd him with spirits, of a severer, and more awful impression: She had her *Cornelius* and *Portias* at his service: Souls! of a compass, and turn, that can justify the pretension of *ladies*, to far other shares, than are commonly allotted them, in the conduct of Tragedy: To parts more proportioned to their *worth*, than their *weakness*! parts which, taking strength into tenderness, from the sex's capacity, not of *pleasing* alone--but correcting, impelling, restraining,

straining, confounding, endangering, might produce, guide, and animate the most passionate dramatic perplexities, from a clashing display, not of feminine follies but virtues, applied to their opposite interests. I am so fully perswaded of the ease, with which this might be done, that I don't know whether your Lordship will not find the two characters, most immediately necessary to the catastrophe of the model before you, in the *wives* of the two principal persons.

HOWEVER, provok'd into this unwilling necessity, of asserting an *Englishman's* relish in Tragedy, upon a plan, the reverse of what *France* has been taught to conceive it, I have retain'd that fine incident, of the amour between *Cæsar* and *Servilia*: fond indeed of every thing, which I would derive from *M. de Voltaire*, with equal room to preserve, and be pleas'd with: But, I am sorry I found it impossible, to pity either his *Brutus*, or his *Cæsar*. The one upon every new reading, always shocking me, still more than before, with a detestation of his inhuman ferocity: and the other in pursuit of an imperious, and arrogant superiority, seeming to forget his own true motives, and character, so far, as to give
up

up the sense, and foundation of a conduct (the boast of antiquity! and brightest example of nature!) to the mistakes of his modern accusers, men of inflexible, unarguing prejudice: who, having accustom'd themselves to think *Cæsar* a tyrant, sacrifice reason and facts, to opinion; and condemn the great martyr of popular liberty, as one, who was for trampling on the rights of his country. The injustice of this lazy concession in writers, and the original cause, the mistake appears owing to (from influence of the *Senate's* usurpation at *Rome*) shewn in as obvious a light as, at this distance of time, I was able to throw on the subject --- I wish may have had strength enough to travel so far, as to the honour of your Lordship's notice, in a late *enquiry into the merit of ASSASSINATION, with a view to the character of CÆSAR, and his designs on the Roman republic.*

Thus, my Lord, like a penitent sinner, unwilling to depart with a load on his conscience, I, who, in one sense, am bidding farewell to the world, having taken my leave of its hopes and its flatteries, now, disburthen my heart of a duty, which has long lain upon it with pressure.

After that, I make haste to my exit; for if I were still to write on, till I had confess'd all the pleasures, I feel, when I think of your Lordship, *patience* ought, in your defence, to change place with *benevolence*, and become the most active of your virtues.

BUT, it is so vain to talk much on trite subjects, that, instead of enumerating your so hardly to be counted great qualities, all the easier ambition I now have in view, is but to avoid the imputation, hereafter, of one, who lived at the same time, *unknowing* them. So that, (I am afraid it is too much for my own sake) I declare to posterity, that there was no man, with more respect and devotion, attached to Lord *Bolingbroke*, than his

Most humble,

And most obedient Servant;

A. HILL.

To

To Lord BOLINGBROKE;

July 31, 1738.

My Lord,

IF, to be pleased, where we did not expect it, is to be glad, in a double degree, what right have I now to rejoice, in behalf of my country! agreeably surprized as I am, that she has again her *good genius* within her; at a time when one would have thought her abandoned by every kind power, both of this world and a better! Nay, if preferring the peace of poor *England* to your Lordship's, I should even wish you redoom'd to her *helm*, the time present stands in such visible want of you *there*, that the wish would deserve pardon from ages to come. It might deprive them, 'tis true, of the benefit of reading your thoughts; but it would transmit all their weight, in your actions.

YET, I say this, but as a *lover* of my country: --- As a *lover* of your Lordship, I ought to wish otherwise: --- Why should *souls*, of such internal activity as yours, in *bodies* so accomplished and elegant, sink the pleasanter

pleasanter cares, you are able to create for yourselves, in your hopeless concern for the public; what *physician*, who prescribes for his *fame*, will take pains for a *lost* constitution, which he knows is too *crazy* to support its *decays*—yet too *stubborn*, to admit of a *remedy*?

THE very insinuation, however, of such a misfortune befalling your virtues, was the severest reprimand, I could think of, in revenge of my *Cæsar*; whom, since you will not allow to have been, more than half-way, a *patriot*, it were an equitable, though a terrible recompence, to wish you the repairer of a state, more corrupt and ungrateful, than the *Roman*.

IN the mean time, what acknowledgments are not due, from the author of the Tragedy of this *Cæsar*, to a condescension, that could induce you to confess yourself satisfied with his *conduct* of a piece, which you make him apprehensive, he has plann'd on a mistaken foundation! -- I assure you, my Lord, with the sincerest simplicity, that he had rather enjoy *your* regard, as a balance for neglect from the public, than possess the profitable

profitable bad consequences of pleasing, where, to endeavour to please, is so fashionable; if he must deserve, at the same time, your scorn -- or, what you would be apter to give him -- your pity.

SEE, how easy it will be, to encourage me into that familiar remissness of style, which you so nobly invite and approve of. It is what all men (not spoiled by their poetry) naturally love, and too readily practise. Though there are occasions, when to claim such a privilege, would be to forfeit their right of enjoying it. You must, for example, allow me to consider it as one thing, to have the honour of entertaining you alone -- and another -- in face of the public. And, because I would appeal to unquestioned experience, for the necessity of this natural distinction; let me venture to imagine, I had been *peeping in* upon some of the softest of Lord *Bolingbroke's* moments. I will carry the supposition so far, as to his assignation with some possessor of his heart. In such a well-improved happy minute, how engagingly has he sprung out of *reserve*, to become pleasingly and irresistibly presuming. But *Fancy*, (for it delights in his company) has

has now found him, again, the next day, near the same kind indulger of his intimacy, gravely surrounded by a formal *assembly*. Now, how changed, and how guarded, his *conduct* ! -- What a *reverence* to the character he *honours* ! -- How restrained, how corrected, his *looks* ! and his *address* how respectful and distant !

I HAVE drawn a little picture, which you will know, and confess to be *like* : Let it give you a *writer's* good reason, why he uses two different styles, when the world is to witness what he *says* of the character, he *loves* ; and when *only* that character is his object. Shall I offer your Lordship a *treaty* ? (we live in such negotiating days, that importance need be no part of its motive) Let this divisional contract between us support, and encourage a correspondence, which one of the party, at least, will be sure to be the better for--that, in consideration of the *familiar*, to be furnished on the part of Lord B-----ke, the *respectful* shall be duly contributed, by his

Most obliged, and

Obedient Servant,

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A. HILL.

To Mr. POPE.

July 31, 1738.

S I R,

I T was yesterday, before I had the pleasure of receiving your kind and obliging letter; together with Lord B———*ke's*, (for which I have sent him my thanks in the inclosed). The coach brought your packet, a week past, from *London*: But I had made a little start, from my disagreeable situation in the skirt of a country town, with a view to resolve on a fitter, where I must content myself, for some time, with forty-seven miles distance from *Twickenham*, 'till, like the story they tell of a *beast* not worth naming, I have made myself *lighter*, as a means to be safer; that is (in plain *English*) 'till I have sold the best part of a too little *fortune* -- very falsey so called, while it could not procure *ease* to its owner. As soon as this hard task is over, I shall be able, with the greatest delight, to assure you, in your own beautiful garden, what an impression you have made on me, by your goodness.

NEVER was I more pleas'd and surpriz'd, than at hearing you had Lord B———*ke* at
Twickenham:

Twickenham : I mean, that you had him, your guest there, in *person* ; for I knew his *idea* dwelt with you. Yet, I fear, he is a blessing we are to hold, as we do *summer* ;-- just to feel, and owe *fruit* to--and lose him. France is glad to draw *strength* from her neighbours ; and will take pains to out-charm a dull climate, where she would leave as little *spirit* as possible.

As to the Tragedy, you return me, of *Cæsar*, you will not easily imagine, how glad I am, you were pleased with it ; and how much more so, that you tell it me, with such a warmth of good-will and generosity. But I am still further, if possible, obliged, by your judicious and elegant *corrections*, hinted to me in such a number of places. Nor have I enough of true *protestant* zeal, to lose any one of your blessings, because (like a *Papist* as you are) you have given them me with the *sign of the Cross*. --- No --I remember the effect of that sign, in the banner of *Constantine*, and I reverence it, as a token of *victory*. As for that low scene of *Plebeians*, in the last act, I will strike it quite out. 'Tis the best way of mending a fault, which was committed without use, or temptation.

temptation. What a deal of *dumb magic* may be lodged in the *path* of a *pencil*! *Yours*, like its fable representative on the face of a dial, *says* nothing; and yet *points out*, and measures, and regulates, with the utmost *exactness*, as it passes! so salutary, and so necessary is the *eye* of a *friend*! How many *improprieties* might your reprehension have taught me to *rectify*! How many *obscurities* to clear up and enlighten! And, lastly, how many of the *ambitiosa ornamenta* (a poet's most dangerous, because most flattering favourites) might not such wholesome *black lines*, of our *Horace*, have given me resolution to cut off, without mercy!

• AND so much for this Tragedy--except that, as I design it for the *stage*, this next winter, it would be infinitely kind in you (while I am a *hermit* on the back side of *Parnassus*) to speak what you think, where it properly offers, for its service, as well *before* the acting season, as *in* it.

• THOUGH I talk of the back side of *Parnassus*, I sometimes see company here, you would hardly expect, from the prospect; for where, but at an old fashioned country gentleman's,

gentleman's, who lives in a hole at the foot of a hill, and a wood, like the cave of some captain of Banditti, should I meet the other day, with Part the second of *One thousand, seven hundred, thirty eight.*

STOR'D with beauties, as every thing must be, that you write, for the public, shall I dare to confess, that I did not use to consider your works, of *this* vein, as those, from which you were surest of the love and admiration of posterity ; but I find, in this, satire, something inexpressibly daring and generous. It carries the acrimony of *Juvenal*, with the *Horatian* air of ease and serenity. It reaches *heights* the most elevated, without seeming to design any *soaring*. It is raised and familiar at once. It opposes just *praise* to just *censure*, and, thereby, doubles the *power* of either. It places the *Poet* in a light, for which *nature* and *reason* designed him ; and atones all the pitiful *sins* of the *trade*, for, to a *trade*, and a *vile* one, poetry is irrecoverably sunk, in this kingdom. What a pity, that our rottenness begins at the *core* ! and is a corruption, not of *persons* alone, but of *things* ! One would, else, strongly hope, from a ridicule so sharp, and so morally

U 3

pointed,

pointed, that wicked men might be laughed into something, like penitence. But, alas! they are only bit by *Tarantula's*, who can be cured by the power of *musick*.--Not even the harp of *Apollo* had a charm to expel *vipers*, that have crept into the *entrails*,

Go on, however, to make war, with a courage, that reproaches a *nation's*; and live (would you *could*) just as long as 'till the *virtues*, your spirit would propagate, become as general, as the esteem of your *genius*! --I am, with great obligation and truth,

Sir, -

Your most obedient,

And most affectionate Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. POPE.

August 29, 1738.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sensibly touch'd, by the kindness of your last; and sorry at my heart, that I am unable to bring you my thanks for it, to *Twickenham*. It would have been a delight, of the warmest, and most desirable kind, to have seen my Lord, there, before he left *England*. But, (accustom'd to disappointment, and ill fortune) I am encumber'd with difficulties, which retard all my views; nor dare I determine how soon I can hope to be easier. Since I must not, therefore, be so happy, as your truly great friend has the goodness to wish me, only tell him, in my name, that he has a faithful servant, unknown, who always lov'd him from motives, which he deserves: and desires to be lov'd, from one, who has long weigh'd his spirit, and reflected on, and measur'd his *actions*. One who, less for my Lord's sake, than his country's, laments to observe it administer'd into a necessity of *fearing* his virtues. I cannot forbear to add, that I wish him great length of days; yet, am afraid,

I include great unhappiness in the wish; since he will never be able to see, and hear, without misery, the *desolation* of a country, he was born for!

I OUGHT to be asham'd, after thinking and speaking of Lord B---ke, to descend to such a theme, as my Tragedy: But you have, *both*, been its friends, and benefactors, and it would be doing injustice to your good nature, if I forbore to inform you, that from a wholesome severity, which I was inflam'd into against myself, under influence of your saving black *Crosses*, I have effac'd, chang'd, and heighten'd it, (in two hundred places, and more) till, if now it fails on acting, to meet with a reception, a little extraordinary, I shall be mortify'd into a *conviction*, that it is time for me to have done writing!

I WAS about to have it sent you, again; that you might have seen the good effects of your censure: But, when I remember'd you had read it *four* times, I found not enough of the *Poet*, within me, to presume the unconscionable *fifth*, from an attention,

attention, that can be employ'd so much better.

God knows, when the season comes on, how far I may be master of opportunity, to attend it in its way to the Theatre, (where the managers are for *Farce*, and not *Tragedy*.) In the interim, I shall apply most of my leisure, to the finishing, and transcribing my Essay, that it may be legible, and come and beg your perusal: To whom sending every good wish, in my stead, I remain,

Dear Sir,

Your most obliged

And affectionate Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. POPE.

Sept. 1, 1738,

SIR,

YOU have oblig'd me, dear Sir, (in a manner that can never be forgot) by that sincere, and kind sense, you express, of the difficulties, which encumber my affairs. But, I assure you, were they greater, and more than they are, I should rather enjoy, than lament 'em, while they procur'd me the distinction of a generous wish, from such minds as your own and Lord Bolingbroke's

ANOTHER way, too, you are, both of you, infinitely good: For you encourage me to the repetition of a trouble, I should never have had confidence, to think pardonable. After so many times reading the Tragedy, to be desirous of going over it again, is an honour, which, if it is found to deserve, it must be by improvements, deriv'd from your pencils. I am really at a loss, how to thank you enough, for those marks, both of your judgment, and kindness, and you will see, how sincere I have

have been, in this sentiment, from its effect on the pages, I send you. But one thing I found strange in the benefit, is, that as soon as I consider'd your *crosses*, with the passages, against which they were plac'd, they explain'd what they meant, so convincingly, that I saw both the *defect* and the *remedy*; and yet I had often, and severely, before, taken those very places to task, without any such conviction of their wants! nay, this could not, in my case, arise from an *author's* partiality to himself, because I know, I examin'd with rigour. I must, therefore, conclude that familiarity with our own thoughts, and conceptions, *dulls* and *deadens* in us, our sense of their qualities, --as men are gradually *benumb'd* in sensations, that relate to their *wives*. By the way, that's a vile (modish) *simile*; for men, in my case, are *dull'd*, but in sense of *defects*: In the *other*, of *beauties*, and *virtues*.

AFTER all, what a *profit* are we robb'd of by pride, when we decline this advantage of *censure*! I don't mean such kind censure, as *yours*, only---(*friends* touch every thing with the finger of *Midas*) but I speak it with regard even to the malice of *petulant* criticism. Even this is what *poets*,
methinks

methinks, have still cause to be fond of; since wherever an *error* is clear, the *instruction* is equally manifest: And, tho' it should happen, that the critic *mistakes*, the writer, however, reaps benefit; For while he can't, without impartial reflection, be convinc'd, whether injustice is done him --- he acquires patience in search of that truth, and is but forc'd into a habit of judging.

I took as much care, as I could, to strike out, and insert with such plainness, as to preserve the old copy still legible; yet you will find it blotted, and scarified, all over; like a lady, to whom I have the pleasure of being a neighbour: She was once, I am told, very fair of complexion, and was then, full of faults, and of vanities; but being now become hard-fac'd, and pimply, she is grown amiable, and candid *within*; and pleasing no more, as a *belle*, gives delight, like a rational creature, I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most truly

Affectionate Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. POPE.

Sept. 23, 1738.

YOU would sooner, dear Sir, have been troubled with my thanks, for your favour of the 12th, - but that it came not to my hands, till the 20th: Mr *Richardson* being from home, and his people not entrusted with the direction, to forward my letters.

As soon as I had read, I perceiv'd the weight of your reason, for not hinting the *patriotism* of *Cæsar*, too rashly; and therefore, tho' I had chang'd, before you saw it, and upon the same apprehension, a *title*, I design'd for the Tragedy, now found that caution too little; and immediately cross'd out those lines in the Prologue, which insinuated something of like purpose.

I FIND too, upon reflection, that the concern will be so visibly increased, by that finely judg'd hint, of my Lord's, for contriving to make *Cassius* appriz'd of the true birth of *Brutus* (and therefore including *fathers*, in the

the horrible abjuration, he dictates) that, in order to make way for such a scene, as I send you, wherein I account for the probability of that circumstance, and open the Play with its discovery, I have cut off as many lines in other places, where they could be spar'd, without weakening the scenes: ---and among' em, I have struck out those, which my Lord finds too *tender* in *Brutus* to *Cæsar*, after sight of his *warrant*: For tho' I imagin'd there was something (tragically at least) allowable for certain involuntary motions of horror, certain powerful sensations of reluctance, and tenderness in *children*, about to do violence to *parents*, tho' they know 'em not, as such; yet, I make it a maxim to give up opinion, implicitly, (in pieces of my own) to the judgment of men, of *great genius*. And I ground the resignation upon this principle (which I think is a just one) that even granting, I could clear up the point in dispute, to my own sense of the question; yet where the apprehension of *such* men but *hesitates* ---- the *meaning* must, to the bulk of mankind, be quite *dark* and *imperceptible*. And whatever is not *obvious*, is *error* in dramatical writings. I have also, thrown
something

something into the scene, from my Lord's third kind hint, as a help toward removing the popular prejudice against *Cæsar's* inclination to *peace*. But, in this, I was too much confin'd by the plan; for the deaths of *Pompey* and *Cato* having happen'd, before, left particular transactions, between them and *Cæsar*, remote from the present disposition of things; which, turning upon precipitate *passion*, must come on, with rapidity, and violence; and therefore, I was afraid, lest expostulatory deductions, while they concern'd matters, out of the current, might have given to good reasoning, the appearance of coldness.

WHAT you say, against *Prologues* and, *Epilogues*, is a truth, which I heartily feel, and come into; But he ought to be very well *mounted*, who is for leaping the hedges of custom. As my affairs stand, at present, I should find it imprudent, to give away the third nights, (which till now, I have always left to the house) And, I doubt those disorderly heats, which must throw the *first* night into uproar, upon retrenching a popular folly, might have effects

effects (for the above reason, *alone*;) to be apprehended.

It was, from the same *little* reason, (too, narrow a one, I confess) that I took the liberty of desiring you in a former to *declare* your very generous, and good-natur'd thoughts of the *play* where you judg'd 'em most likely to be of service, toward the expectation, and report, that should fore-run a Tragedy. It was *impossible* (and I hope, you are sure of it) that I could desire you to *speak*, *what you think*, in any signification unworthy your *spirit*. *You*, who speak what you think, with more boldness, than most others dare *think* what you speak!

AFTER all, I am asham'd, that I took such a freedom; and amaz'd, how I came to imagine it reasonable, I should charge your attention so heavily! I believe, I had doubts, when I sent you that letter, (as, indeed, I still have) from the too light, or too gay disposition, both in masters of Theatres, and Audiences. And, in truth, I am apprehensive, I have no great *Success* to expect, from the *Tragedy*.

No

No matter I am sure:— it *can* never have any, that will be either more great, or more priz'd, by its author, than *that*, which, by my *Lord Bolinbroke's* goodness, and *yours*, it has already receiv'd in *your* judgments. Believe me, dear Sir, with an unchangeable affection,

Your oblig'd,

Humble Servant,

A. HILL

To Mr. POPE.

Oct. 4, 1738.

DEAR SIR,

I MAKE haste, to accuse you of a little unkindness, in telling me, that having an affair, that embarrasses you, and wishing my advice in the conduct of it, you *hardly know how to ask it*.

WHEN you know me, so well, as I will take care you shall, you will feel your own
X right

right to command me. As you want not, I am sure, either my *pen*, or my *judgment*, I am impatient to learn, in what sense my *advice* can be serviceable. If it were MORE than advice, you should have it more willingly, which however, I beg, that you would not believe, but make *trial*. If your concerns, in any light, may be serv'd, by my coming to *London*, no matter, whether seasonable, or not ---- It would *please* me, to despise every hazard, that can shew you the truth of my friendship. Therefore (all regard to my own cares or interests, *apart*) I am---by head, heart, or hand now, and always, in the most absolute manner, at your service.

As to the little affair of the Epilogue, I am *satisfied*, as I ought to be, with the very good reason you give me. And, even with regard to the Tragedy itself, after what you tell me, that Mr. *Mallet*, and Mr. *Thompson*, have Plays in a forwardness, rahter than I will so much as think of suffering any interest of mine, to clash with that of either of those valuable men, I would forget, I had *written* a Tragedy. Indeed, the first intimation I had of Mr.

Mallet's

Mallet's being return'd from abroad, was by the above peice of news, in your letter. As soon as you can be so good to inform me, whether, where, and in what part of this winter, those gentlemen propose to bring on their Tragedies, I will regulate my own conduct accordingly.

AGAIN, dear Sir, let me beg you to *prove*, whether, in whatever you may command me to think, or to *do*, for your service, you do not, in *that*, most engage and oblige,

Your affectionate,

And sincere humble Servant,

A. HILL.

X 2

To

To Mr. POPE.

Nov, 8, 1738.

DEAR SIR,

YOU have been very obliging, in your endeavours, to inform me of the time, for Mr. *Thompson's*, and Mr. *Mallet's* new Tragedies; I have now sent my own to Mr. *Fletewood*, and desired it may be brought on about the beginning of *January*, in which case, it may have a fair chance to be *dead and forgotten*, before the best of the season is over.

SINCE I find Mr. *Thompson* not so forward, as I apprehended he was, in his *new* Play, I will acquaint you with something, that I *long* to say to him, concerning his *old* one; and, if you think I am right, in my opinion, I beg the favour of you to *say* it in my stead; 'Twill be said, I am sure, with more *weight*; and, from the *deference* I know he always had for your *judgment*, I believe, 'twill be said, with more *consequence*.

I HAVE been so long, and incuriously, a stranger to *London*, and the very few good things,

things, it can furnish the *mind* with, that I had not read *Agamemnon*, 'till lately, when I saw it in the hands of that happy old remnant of a pleasanter age, ---

(" When *love* was all an easy monarch's care")

concerning whose *genius* and *manner* of living, I believe, I said something in one of my former letters.

I FIND such a *spirit*, in some of the scenes, that it grieves me to add, I am afraid it falls off on a sudden, and leaves the fourth and fifth acts, in particular, much too cold for their place, and their purpose.

IF the design of that Tragedy is, what I suppose it to be, to derive from *Agamemnon*'s impolitic rambling, his disappointment in domestic felicity, the alienation of his subjects affection, and his becoming a property to an ill-trusted rogue, in his absence. Then *Agamemnon*, who gives *moral* and *name* to the Play, ought to have animated, and stood obvious in every part of it. All the evil he *suffers*, should be an effect of some act which he *does*. For, whenever he ceases to

sustain the chief weight of intention, his character, sinking at once, our passions, which took rise, but from the activity of his dramatical virtues, must, of course, become languid, in defect of their motive.

NOR, methinks, is it reason enough, for *Clytemnestra's* and *Egisthus's* filling up the most considerable scenes, in the Tragedy of *Agamemnon*, that their crimes and distresses have a dependent relation to the king. He is concerned in their event; but he is concerned too *accidentally*. His *fate* should have been the *consequence* of some active mistake of his own; for, while he is too tamely surprized, in a Bath, at a time, when the alarm he had received should have roused him into distrust and prevention, he loses the *dignity* of his figure, and supports but a *second* or *third* part, in his own Tragedy.

MAY we not discern, (in this play, and another of Mr. *Thompson's*) that the vigorous propensity to thought, wherewith he rushes into *language* and *sentiment*, makes it *irksome* to a fancy, so intensely, and nobly employed, to attend to the *mechanism* of his *models*? -- Yet, he knows, that the plan, (I mean, the artful invention and disposition of incidents)

is,

is, so indispensibly, a matter of consequence, that some of our most popular Tragedies have no merit, but *that*, to support them; and many better, which abound with good thought and expression, appear dry, and unstriking, but from want of that alarm, in the clash and animation of purpose, which the Players call *business*. Such a genius, as our friend's, for his masculine force, sharp reflection, and natural touches of passion, would go infinite lengths on the stage, if he restrained but the vivacity of *thinking*, till he had coldly considered the groundwork upon which he would think.

To be a little particular, for fear generals should appear but *surmises*. After *Agamemnon* has learnt, in the *third* act, from *Melissander* and *Arcas*, the designs of the villain *Egisthus*, let it be supposed, that the *fourth* had begun with a scene between *him* and *Clytemnestra*.--How tragically would it have distressed her, and, through her, the audience, to have heard the *husband* confiding to this un-suspected, tho' treacherous, *wife*, the intelligence he had received of *Egisthus's* falsehood; adding then, and to *her*, that, in contempt of all dangers, he had determined

to seize, and to execute him, immediately ; at the same time, lamenting his strange incapacity, to make a kingly and open attempt upon the traitor, who had usurped his authority ; condemning, with a manly severity of wisdom, his *rashness*, in out-failing his *navy* ; yet, drawing comfort, under sense of his folly, from the tenderness of this stabbing reflection--that it had been the impatience of a *love*, which he could not repent of, that had plunged him in the unforeseen danger : -- And, finally, reposing his *crown*, and his *life*, on the assistance of *Clytemnestra's* invention, whom he instructs to contrive some immediate pretence, in her name, for engaging *Egisthus* to visit her, while he himself would give orders for securing the *palace* against any consequent attempt of the *rebels*, 'till the arrival of his own army and fleet, which he knew he might expect, in a day or two.

IN such a scene, how apprehensive a horror of heart, might not *Clytemnestra* have been agitated with, by the author of *Agamemnon* ? And, again, what a livelier still, would have followed, if, upon sending for, and acquainting *Egisthus* with his danger,

she

she had insisted on his seizing the *ship*, that had brought home the *king*, for their sailing away in it, that evening, towards some seaport of *Egypt*, or *Asia*, where *he* might hope to be safe from the *revenge*, that was due to his *crimes*; -- and *she*, from the insupportable shame of discovery. *Egisthus*, as but hesitating to the proposal, and hinting the authority, which he had in his hands, to secure himself, by more eligible means, should have inflamed her to a distraction, that, detesting the idea of new crimes, had called heaven to witness, in the most solemn and passionate manner, that, upon his refusing, or even delaying his consent, she would never suffer him to escape from the *palace*, but give him up to the sword of *Agamemnon*; and release herself, by death, the same instant.

It would have been natural for *Egisthus*, in a danger like this, to disguise his true thoughts, and deceive *Clytemnestra*, by a seeming assent to her offer; his hypocrisy would re-soften her into temper; and an hour might have been appointed, when he should be privately admitted again; coming armed, that, by aid of his followers, they might secure their

their escape, should a discovery be made, in attempting it.

IN the fifth act, *Egishbus*, supposed already admitted with his adherents, might declare to the chiefs of the party, by what artifice he had engaged *Clytemnestra* to cause a gate of the garden to be opened into that most solitary quarter of the palace, where, expecting her presence, he assigns, to some of his party, the charge of securing her person, and commissions the rest to break, with him, upon his signal, into the royal apartments, there to dispatch *Agamemnon*, at once, as the only security now left, for themselves, and their faction.

Clytemnestra, in this terrible crisis, rushing out, in a transport of joy, might have urged him to be cautious and silent, because the king, in a neighbouring apartment, was expecting her notice to surprize him.--She pressing him therefore, to depart with her immediately.-- But, when she finds herself under guard of his soldiers, and discovers his design on the person of the king, she breaks out into clamour and agony, reproaching herself, as the involuntary contriver of a husband's destruction, whom she
had

had already betrayed, with a guilt, that stood in no need of this additional horror. At length, enraged more and more, by *Egisthus's* attempts to restrain her, she casts off all caution, and sense of the consequence, and, resolving to alarm *Agamemnon*, cries aloud to him, to beware of *Egisthus*, and secure himself against villains and murder.

AGAMEMNON might have been heard, in this place, calling his train, from within, to his succour; then impatiently entering, in person, and surprizing *Egisthus* on his knees, in a fruitless endeavour to appease *Clytemnestra*, he might have over-heard her, in the rage of reproach, charging him with the violation, he had drawn her to suffer. In a contrast of three such strong, and such opposite passions, as must then affect the *king*, *queen*, and *Egisthus* -- the behaviour, the thoughts, and the attitudes, required for expressing them, would afford one of the liveliest occasions in nature, for a *Poet* to shew the force of his genius.

DURING the fire of this scene, *Agamemnon*, upon entrance of some of his officers, commands them to lay hands on *Egisthus*; but

but the traitor, at the same time, requiring those officers, supposed to be bribed creatures of his own, to deserve and repay his long bounties, by assisting to *seize on the king*. They obey the ministerial injunction, and, deserting the cause of *their prince*, all go over to the side of *Egisthus*.

IN such an unkingly situation as this, *Agamemnon*, expressing his sentiments with a majesty becoming the insult, *Egisthus* might have returned it with a *scorn*, that would awaken, and drive home the *moral*. He might have told him, that, since he had neglected to execute the *duties* of a *king*, he had no longer a *right* to the *power* --- That he might now learn, too late, by the inferiority, which he saw himself reduced to, that, from the moment, wherein he resigned to a subject the authority to dispose of all offices, and assume all the cares of a crown, he invested *that subject* with *Monarchy*: — and that, with the same tame Dependance of *will*, now more useful, and seasonable than ever, he might content himself with the effect of his folly.

AGAMEMNON, inflamed by such insolent treatment, breaking forcibly from the hands
of

of the soldiers, and wresting a sword from the nearest, might have thrown himself, with a noble indignation, upon *Egisthus*, and disarming and wounding the Traitor, might have been himself attack'd, behind, by the Rebels, and murder'd at the feet of *Clytemnestra*, who might then have justly run mad, with excess of the horror, and the Play been concluded (upon entrance of the king's friends, who drive off *Egisthus* and his party) by *Cassandra's* prophetic declaring, that the gods, who had punished, so severely, the neglect and slack hand of *Agamemnon*, would inflict a dreadful revenge, on his murderer.

By such a Plan, or a better, to the same active purpose, besides that the *pity* and *terror*, had been kept up to the last--two *indecorums*, unluckily believed to have been necessary, in the Tragedy, as it now stands, might have been naturally and easily avoided. -- The first is, *Egisthus's* acquainting *Clytemnestra*, with his purpose to murder her husband--nay, with the time, place, and manner, and (to the insupportably *be-deviling* her character) obtaining her consent to his doing it! The second is, that there
would

would no longer have appeared any seeming necessity, for supposing her jealous of *Cassandra*. She! whose conscious affair with *Egisthus*, makes a jest of her pretensions to jealousy.

I HAVE too thorough a sense of the friendly disposition of your heart, to ask pardon for so tedious a trouble, because the subject concerns not yourself; tho' at a time too, when I see you engrossed, by an attention to hours, I could *envy*, but that the rascally passion is already too public a meddler with your house, and the great name within it, to obtain my allowance for any, the most gentle of the fury's assaults upon either.

IF you think what I have been saying to you, of Mr. *Thompson*, with the freedom of a confidence, that unbosoms itself, without need of restraint, could be of use to him, if he knew it; you will, at your leisure, find opportunity to hint it in conversation, with what better form and restriction you please: Possibly, it might rouse him to resolve on some plan, for the Tragedy he is writing; which, by giving his genius full scope, will
reward

reward us for our pain in disgusting him, perhaps, for a moment, by a lasting increase of the reputation, we both of us wish him.

As to your kind invitation, I shall be very unhappy, if my Lord *Bolinbroke* leaves *England*, before I can see him and *Twickenham*. And (for that very reason) I am afraid, I am doomed to see neither. In the worst of events, I am sure of one happiness—neither *distance*, nor *doom*, can prevent me from being, and persisting to be, to you both,

A most faithful,

And affectionate Servant,

A. HILL

To
As to the coming on of my Tragedy, I begin to suspect, that the Manager's hearts at the Theatres, are more narrowly fixed, than their Player's—Few men have force in their minds, to love truth, that has serv'd em, unpleasantly.

To Mr. POPE.

Dec. 9, 1738

DEAR SIR,

GIVE me leave by the enclos'd, to reply to the first part of yours, that which concerns Mr. *Mallet's* kind offer, and after having the goodness to close it with one of your seals, please to send it him, as soon as convenient.

For the rest, that relates to yourself--Be it known by these presents, that I cannot allow you to call Mr. *Pope's* and Lord *Bolynbroke's* praises, an airy tribute in any sense but one--- the superiority of their value, to the *earthiness* of less noble distinctions. I shall learn to regard my own thoughts, when they are able to procure me such praises: for how indeed, were vanity to be reckon'd a fault, could it have the sanction of wisdom and virtue?

As to the coming on of my Tragedy, I begin to suspect, that the Manager's hearts, at the Theatres, are more narrowly *piqu'd*, than their Player's--Few men have force in their minds, to love truth, that has serv'd'em, unpleasingly;

unpleasingly : They forget the good *use*, in a disgust, they think due to the *censure* : But there is an odd, and unfortunate dilemma in the way of our childish desire to be *fondled* : When we are flatter'd by that beast call'd a *liar*, he has the skill to *lick* soft like a *Calf* ; but then he crushes not so much as a *Fly*, for our benefit : Honest fact, on the other side, has a tongue, that is rough like a *Lyon's*, able enough to deliver from insects, but it grates, like a *file*, where it passes ; and endangers the skin, it would purify.

LET it go--no matter what Mr. *Fleetwood* designs or resolves : were his acting of *Cæsar*, capable of ten times the good, it can do me, I should myself, be incapable of quickening his phlegm any farther : There is a reluctance (I am afraid, it is a *pride*) in my nature, against soliciting any thing, that regards my own interest : --- and, especially, from the dull and unworthy : The cause I would fain *place* (for I love to be *near* you) in

“ *The strong antipathy of good to bad !* ”

where I hope, and believe, I may find it. For, I am sure, that I hate myself heartily,

Y

and

and with the malice and pain of an enemy, whenever I am fool enough, *not to be able*, to hate, as I ought, either a *low* soul, or a *false* one. You will see through all this, that Mr. Mallet's friendly offer was not only kind, but a very seasonable interposition.

WHAT shall I now say, that can thank you enough, in return for your generous wishes? I would submit to be any thing, above a bad minister, for the power of rewarding your partiality: But I am about to plant myself among corn fields, and vineyards, where *video meliora proboq*; -- and fortune will take care to prevent me from any danger of being tempted by the *Deteriora*, behind, in the close of it. I have been hastening, at the desire of a friend, a long discourse, that will be lost on the stage, or should have been able, by this time, to have made another essay, legible enough to wait on you, at *Twickenham*; where, that never more any evil thing may enter, is the sincere and affectionate prayer of,

Dear Sir,

Your most obliged,

And obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. MALLET.

Dec. 9. 1738.

DEAR SIR,

IN a retreat, which my present affairs I have made necessary, I had lately the pleasure to hear (by Mr. Pope) that you have been, some time, returned from abroad.---Would to God, our poor country could as happily re-possess herself of every other good claim, she is robbed of! I hear too, (and hear it with joy) that the town is in expectation of a Tragedy, by the author of *Eurydice*: when that Tragedy appears on the stage, I shall have one solid reason to be sorry, I am a stranger to *London*.

OUR good friend, abovenamed, has done the justice he loves, to your generous proposal, of lending the benefit of your attention to the progress of my Play, through the house. I thank you very heartily, for so obliging and seasonable a service. You are one of those few, I can, without pain, be a debtor to; and I most willingly accept of, and delight in your offer --- only give me leave to declare, it is a preliminary condition,

that (as I had rather my Play should never be acted at all, than retard yours a moment) I absolutely resign to *your* choice, its appearing, or not appearing at all --- just as may serve most effectually to keep it (where I insist upon holding it) most remote from postponing *your* Tragedy.

ABOUT a month ago, I sent *mine* to Mr. *Fleetwood*; and having heard, that neither *yours*, nor Mr. *Thompson's* were expected to be ready, 'till toward the end of the season, I proposed, that *Cæsar* should be brought on in *January*, which, if it was, I would expect no consideration for it, at all, if the *run* should be short of nine nights.--If *more*, the three lowest receipts of the first *nine*, should be my claim, paying him his *charges*, as usual. His answer, which I desired might be left with Mr. *Chetwood*, having been called for last week, word was sent me, that (five days before) Mr. *Fleetwood* had told him, he determined to get up the Tragedy, forthwith; but I have yet had no letter from the manager. I hint these particulars, as necessary to be known, if you have the goodness to learn his design from himself; which, since you encourage me, so frankly, to trouble you, I wish you would do, in my behalf,

behalf, and fix, with him, the time, either in *January*, or after ; respect being had, as above, to the readings, or not readings of your own.

As to an unwillingness to act, in the *Player*, to whom I have *adapted* the character of *Cæsar*, I should be sorry, and surprised, if he can be capable of that second mistake, in return for so candid a proof of my having forgotten the former. About three or four years past, some remarks having been made on the *Theatres*, with a view to have argued the *Players* into a more general exertion of that sensibility in the expression of passions, which, of late, in great degree, (from effect of such remarks in those papers, the town, I am told, has been led to distinguish and applaud, in the practice of the party I speak of), *He*, overlooking the good that was meant him, and concluding, that the censures were *mine*, they produced in him the same wrong effect, I once met with *abroad*, from an officious pinch of *good-natured snuff*, ill bestowed on an ungrateful *French* gentleman, who was carelessly falling asleep, in a current of *air*, after *violent exercise*. But, as to the *actor*, whose want of *civility* I remembered no more, because it

had been balanced, on my own side, by a want of *patience*, almost as *unwarrantable*, he must, since then, have had leisure enough for reflection, to find and confess the good purpose of such friendly reproaches. Yet, we insensibly suffer *self-love* to take place of our *reason*, and then it naturally prevents our discerning the *motives* of men, whose *method* was not fashioned to please us.

I am talking too much of myself and my Tragedy. -- If I had yours in my eye, I should have found a better subject; May you have all the success that a merit, like yours, makes it almost unreasonable to hope for. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged and obedient

Humble Servant,

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. POPE.

Jan. 15, 1738-9.

DEAR SIR,

IF you happen to have an idle shelf in your study, that can make room for the inclosed, it will take up but little. In its first old edition, it had a great many more faults, than at present; and its worst, a *rash Preface*; which has never appeared in the following. I repented, as I ought, of the sin--yet, could scarce say, I was sorry I committed it, since I owed to it a discovery of some virtues, which have *made*, and will *continue* me your friend, and your servant.

If I were near enough, I would give you some reasons, which I ought not to trouble you with in a letter, why I wish, in the future editions of one of your satirical pieces, you would leave out a couplet, that reflects, with a roughness deserving your *revisal*, on the CZAR, in his motive to *marriage*. I have papers in my hands, which, I am sure, if you saw, would remove your mistaken ideas on that head, and throw the *noblest*, and most *beautiful* colours on a circumstance,

which the *malice* of some great courts, in *Europe*, has taken pains to *mis-represent* and to *blacken*. The shortened reign of the lady deprived me of great part of a *treasure*, which I see, by what came to my hands, had been *vast* and *invaluable*! -- Even as it is, I can charge nothing upon want of *materials*, but must confess it wholly the defect of my genius, if, hereafter, I fail to give the world some *resemblance*, of a prince, who (with the fullest deduction to be made for his few foibles) has *done honour to the human species*.

MR. Fleetwood -- (what a *fall* is there -- from *Peter Alexiowitz*!) sends me word, that the *prince* has been so just, as to insist on Mr. Mallet's Tragedy, as the first to be brought on, this season. In this news he has pleased me sincerely: I adjoin my own vote, against myself, with a preference still more warm than the prince's. And, may what I *write* be never *read*, but by the *Fleetwoods* and *Luns* of futurity, if I would not rather burn it, with my own hand, than oppose it to the interest of a man of genius and worth --- though a *stranger*! But, to see the management of our *Theatres* reduced
to

to such an unfathomable descent, in *profundity*, that a Tragedy, writ with the care that has been bestowed upon *Cæsar*, should be driveled, humm'd, and hesitated over --- should be complimented with the dull mysteriousness of apology, to cover but neglect and irresolution--is a nettling alarm to the patience of a *writer*, and, indeed, a trial, to the quick, of his vanity.

AND yet (as a check to the solemn impertinence I am suffering myself to slide into) it was in this very country, and in this very age --- You were born! -- *That* reflection shall serve as a balance, and cut short all complaint in,

Dear Sir,

Your most humble,

And affectionate Servant,

A HILL.

To

To Mr. MALLETT.

Jan. 25, 1738-9.

I THANK you, dear Sir, very heartily, for the favour of yours, with the detail of our stage-holder's infamous management. I feel its effects, in *your* right, and forget my own part in his conduct. Let me thank you, mean while, for your generous regard to my interest; --- I lose none of the sentiments which I ought to be impressed with, under the sense of your *will* to have *done*, what it was my resolution, by no means, to have suffered. That *your* Tragedy takes place of my *own*, gives me an unfeigned and a just satisfaction.--Nay, I am even *charmed* and *delighted*, that this fell out at a time, when the disordered situation of my affairs made the little benefit in view, from the coming on of a Play, of some *pleasure*, and *use*, in the prospect. For, if the *accident* had wanted *that* circumstance, I should not have known the extent of my *friendship*. And it must have been a *rotten* one, I am sure, if *interest* had been able to shake it.

I SNATCH

I SNATCH, with great pleasure, at the wish, you are so kind to repeat, in your postscript : I receive *larger* packets, with ease, by the coaches ; and, if you will have the goodness, to send it to Mr. *Richardson's*, directed for me, it is so natural for us to *hasten* into what we are sure will delight us, that, I think, I may venture to promise your receiving it back, in a week, from the day of your sending it.

MAY it *run*, 'till it leaves no more space in the season, than to make room for its being succeeded, by Mr *Thompson's*. As for *Cæsar*, I shall lose all the *pain*, which the manager's *ingratitude* might have otherwise given me, in the *joy* and *reparation* I expect, from the success of his *house*, with your Tragedy.

IT is the noblest *mitigation* of our concern, or disdain, at ill treatment, when we see the *merit* of a *friend* making way to the *distinction*, we wish it. --- And, had but the Muses any *altar*, in *England*, I would make a burnt offering of my Play, for your sake, in honour of the *prince* and Mr. *Lyttleton* ; I am, always,

Dear Sir, Yours, &c.

A. HILL.

To Mr. POPE.

Jan. 26, 1738-9.

MY letter, dear Sir, had but the fate of its writer, when it laboured, and longed to *approach* you, yet, was kept *distant*, by mistake and ill fortune.

YOURS has warmed me, with the spirit of gratitude, for a concern it expresses so kindly. But, I will give up all pursuit of my *Cæsar*, since Mr. Mallet and Mr. Thompson, with the aid of such powerful assistants, found it a difficulty to engage the manager into the resolution, that must have been *due* to their Tragedies. The first of the gentlemen just named, has obliged me, with uncommon delicacy, by an offer so generously made me, when his *own* Play was finished and ready. This was an act of friendship, which I could not have *deserved*, if, as soon as I knew it, I had not, from that moment, *declined* any purpose of pressing the man of the stage about *mine*. Indeed, I should hate all the little I have of the *poet*, if I could not receive as much pleasure, from another writer's success, as from my own ; even were that

that other an *enemy* (of merit). But, since he is my friend, his success is my own, and, as such, I sincerely consider it.

THERE is only one thought that disturbs me; -- the respect I would publicly pay to a great name, so known and so dear to you, is held back by this inaccessible retrenchment, that the devil of dulness has thrown up, round our *Theatres*; for, I would not trespass so far against custom, as to *dedicate*, to so chosen a *patron*, a Tragedy that had never been *acted*. I will therefore, address (to the same lov'd name) some different subject, after having examined, which, of three or four I have long had in hand, may be found least unworthy his notice. Meanwhile, let my *Lord* know, and let Mr. *Pope* know, that I look upon the kind things, they have thought, and expressed, of my *Cæsar*, as more *fame*, than a *twenty night's run*, at the Play-houses. And so, wishing Mr. *Mallet*, and Mr. *Thompson*, the success which they are sure to *deserve*, I bid a hearty farewell to the *stage*, and only wish to be known, as,

Dear Sir,

Your most obliged Servant,

A. HILL.

To Mr. POPE.

Feb. 21, 1739

DEAR SIR,

I AM oblig'd, both by your letter, and the good news it brought, of Mr. *Mal-let's* Success on the Theatre; it is what I was sure he deserv'd: And, if I had, now and then, a moments *fear*, he might miss it, it was when I reflected, how warmly I wished it him.

If Mr. *Thompson's* new Tragedy is to depend on his women performers, he has certainly, judg'd well, in his choice of the *Co-vent-Garden Theatre*. There, or any where may his best expectations be answer'd! I shall, myself, have the less to complain of, when such justice is done, where I reverence it.

As for *Cæsar*, it was his *fate* to be ill understood: and it was his *custom*, to forgive his *detraçtors*: only once when he fell into such *free-booters's* hands, as have thought fit to restrain him at present, he broke a rule, for the sake of mankind; and got 'em *hang-ed*, for the good of the *publick*. I am glad I have none of his power; since I am afraid
I should

I should use it profusely :-----'Tis a ridiculous world, that we live in ; yet, in spite of contempt, one grows serious, when a *fool*, that expects to be flatter'd, is in a situation, to insult his despisers. I will not disguise my own weakness : I am nettled at the treatment, I have met with, concerning this Tragedy : But, at the same time, I confess, that I ought not to be so : For *you* have been so good, as to declare yourself touch'd, in my cause-- and, in *that*, I have more than a recompence.

I DID not recollect, 'till you told it me, that the *Gazetteers* were printed by Mr. *Richardson* : I am acquainted with none of their authors ; not so much, as with any one of their names : And, as to Mr. *Richardson* himself, (among whose virtues I place it, that he knows, and considers, you, rightly) there should be nothing imputed to the *Printer*, which is impos'd *for*, not *by* him, on his *papers*, but was never impress'd, on his *mind*. I am very much mistaken in his character, or he is a plain-hearted, sensible, and good-natur'd, honest man : I believe, when there is any thing put into his *presses*, with a view to such infamous *slander*, as that which you so justly *despise*, he himself is the only man,
wounded

wounded: For I think, there is an *openness*, in his spirit, that would even repel the *profits* of his business, when they were to be the *consequence*, of making war upon excellence.

IN the mean time, give me leave to be glad, you are slander'd a little:----- *Crimes* deserve to be heartily pardon'd, when they are the cause, of producing great *virtues*; and, I am sure, one such generous example of *charity*, as that which you shew, in your letter, will, by the contagious effect of its beauty, carry influence enough, to deface all the triumphs of a thousand heavy patterns of malice.

METHINKS, I gather from a hint, you but drop, in your letter, that my *Silence* would be the most acceptable compliment, to a person, I will not here mention: Be it so--- were we wish, but to please, we are pleas'd even with the prohibition of our measures, of pleasing. His *worth* cannot want such a *witness*, as I am; and the respect I would pay it, is too *due* to depend on his thoughts of,

Dear Sir,

Your faithful and obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

June 23, 1736.

DEAR SIR,

I AM glad, you were pleas'd, at *Alzira*; because tho' the play was not originally mine, and I have therefore, no claim in its success, or its merit; yet, to have been the means of conveying a pleasure to my friends, is a great one, to myself, also.

AFTER having heard nothing, for a long time, concerning you, but what you, so sparingly, bestow'd on the public, I felt much delight in the news my Brother brought me, that you had recovered from a dangerous illness. The name of your distemper should have been *Legion*, from its dreadful description in your letter: Any one of the branches, had been *too much*, for the *easy* in mind, and the *strong* in constitution; How then, have you struggled with so malignant a *confederacy*, oppress'd, as you are, by ill health, and ill fortune!

I AM sorry to hear, that your poem, (for which I return you my thanks) has not yet found its way to *his* hands, in whose honour it was written: But possibly, it may

be better (as you design it) under a different title, and a new publication since, the P---e might, perhaps, have look'd for more, on the subject, profess'd in the present title page; whereas the world will be more immediately concern'd in, and pleas'd with those ideas of *public spirit*, and *magnificent purposes*, which you have touch'd with great force, in that *poem*.

POOR C---o! It is long, since I met with an affliction more sensible, than the information, you sent me concerning her! If half what her enemies have said of her, is true, she was a proof, that *vanity* overcomes *nature in women*, which it could never yet do, in men: For desire of glory wants power to expel the pusillanimity, natural to some ambitious princes, and generals; while, in that amiable persuer of conquests, it prevail'd, not only against the finest reflection, but impell'd an *assum'd lightness*, over even *constitutional modesty*.

I would willingly satisfy the curiosity of your friend, in relation to Mr. Gay, if it were not easy to get much fuller information, than I am able to give, from Mr. Budgell, or
Mr.

Mr. Pope; to the first of whom, the beginning of his life was best known, and to the last, its afternoon and evening: --- that poem, you speak of, call'd WINE, he printed in the year 1710, as I remember: I am sure, I have one, among my pamphlets; but they lie (like ideas in an un-logical head) so oppressively numerous, and obstructingly mix'd, that to distinguish any one of them, out of the heap, is a task of more labour, than consequence. Yet, I will look for it, and send it you, if 'twill be of use, or satisfaction, to any gentleman of your acquaintance. As to your question, whether Mr. Gay was ever a *domestic of the dutchess of Monmouth*, I can answer it, in the affirmative: he was her *secretary*, about the year 1713, and continued so, 'till he went over to *Hanover*, in the beginning of the following year, with Lord *Clarendon*, who was sent thither by queen *Anne*. At his return, upon the *death* of that queen, all his hopes became *wither'd*, 'till Mr. Pope, (who, you know, is an excellent *planter*) reviv'd, and invigorated his *bays*; and indeed, very generously supported him, in some more *solid* improvements; for I remember a letter, wherein he invited him,

to partake of his fortune, (at that time but a small one) assuring him, with a very *un-poetical* warmth, that, as long as himself had a *shilling*, Mr. Gay should be welcome to *Six-pence* of it; nay, to *Eight-pence*, if he could contrive but to live on a *groat*. ----- So much for Mr. Gay.)

I would send you a ZARA; but, to say truth, I am not worth one, myself; if it is a *virtue*, to be cold and indifferent, to what we have *written*, I am not without, at least, one pretence to *merit*; for, I give up my leaves, like the *Sybils*, to the will of the *winds*, and [remember 'em no more, after they have once been blown from me.

RANY told me, what you said to her, from Messrs. *Walthoe*, and *Richardson*, to whom I will write, in compliance with their proposition; for I have a great esteem for 'em *both*; and am sorry, therefore, to hear, that you have any *dispute at law* with such defendants, as never, I dare say, had the least *inclination* to injure you; but have often, on the contrary, express'd the kindest, and most generous sentiments, in your behalf: ----- Indeed, *law*, (where most

most necessary) brings but *ruinous remedies* ; and I wish you *no war*, where you must lose, even by *victory*.

WHAT you say of Lord Tyrconnel, reminds me of something, I have heard (tho' very obscurely) concerning a breach in that friendship, which was once, so *useful*, and so *ornamental*, to you : ---- I am heartily sorry for the *cause*, whatever it may have been. I wish some means might be found, to reconcile you again : the character, you have given me of my Lord's good-nature, represents this, as no great difficulty, on his side ; and I am sure your *just sense* of what he *once was*, will prevail over any less agreeable remembrance, of what he may have, since, *seem'd or been* ; ----- So that *gratitude* expunging, on one part, and *recollected esteem*, on the other, the hand of some friend might methinks, interpose, and soon blot out all unpleasing impressions, on both sides.

SHALL I add, so near the end of my paper, that tho' I *own* and *distinguish* the proofs, you have given of your genius, and spirit, for *satire*, yet I see you with *pain*,

in pursuits, that must multiply *enemies*.
 — Were you Lord Rivers (as well as his *son*) I should have been of a different opinion — But the merit of the *unhappy* will, (in a world, so maliciously active) be most shown, to their benefit, in its *softest*, and most *inoffensive*, exertions. Forgive me, dear Sir, this mark of that friendship, with which I have ever been sincerely, and still am,

Your most affectionate,

And obedient humble Servant.

A. HILL.

To

To Mr. POPE.

Nov. 10, 1733.

DEAR SIR,

AT my return home, after the Play, I met with your letter, too late to enjoy the pleasure, it call'd me to, without trespassing upon the hour, made more improper too, by your being indisposed.

I HOPE to find you better, this morning, and if you will allow me to detain you, only long enough to receive your commands, at Lord Bathurst's, will wait on you the moment my Servant comes back: for I think of you so often, and see you so seldom, that now you are so near, I would not lose you, if I could help it, who am, not fashionably, but faithfully,

Your most obedient

And devoted Servant,

Z⁴

A HILL.

To ARTHUR ONSLOW, *Esq*;

Dec. 16, 1731.

S I R,

I SHALL justly, be proud, if you assign some little corner in your library, to this Tragedy, which you had condescension to hear read, at Lord *Tyrconnel's*.

IN the short opportunity I had, that evening, to hear your reasons, for esteeming Mr. *Pope*, from the generosity of some of his writings, it was easy to discern, that you spoke, from a heart, by nature, an enemy to disguise, and noble enough to consider an elevated openness in the sentiments, as the soul that lights up poetry.

IT requires but little penetration, to know, that he, who *is touched so warmly*, by the generous thoughts of *another*, must, *himself*, be a generous *thinker*. I had, before, drawn this conclusion, with respect to yourself, from the *voice of a people*; but that way of judging has been, sometimes, a *wrong* one. The other, never.

I PRO-

I PROPOSED, when I began this letter, to hint a complaint, of that want of curiosity, which kept the town from inclining, while this Tragedy was acting, to see whether it was a good, or a bad one. But, besides that you have too much *judgment*, to overlook faults, where they are, and too much *humanity*, to look for them, where they are not, it were a vanity, into which all the partiality of an author cannot betray me, to say any thing of *myself*, after having so much better furnished my *memory*, with a recollection of *your* sentiments. I am, with great respect,

Sir,

Your most humble,

And most obedient Servant,

A. HILL:

To

To Sir PAUL METHUEN.

Dec. 16, 1731.

SIR,

AS privately as I hold the possession of my own life, I am too well acquainted with the merit of distinguished characters, not to know, that an apology for appeals to your candor, would be an injustice to your generosity.

I, THEREFORE, beg you will do me the honour to convince yourself, in a private perusal of this Tragedy, whether it has not some little hardship to complain of, in the coldness of its public reception.

BUT, if, in the opinion of one single judge, who thinks so nobly as you do, it has met with more neglect, than it ought to have expected, I can consider that neglect, as a compliment, from ten thousand, who have the goodness to be kinder to *Harlequin*, and the *rope-dancers*. --- Give me leave to profess myself,

Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

Dec. 17, 1731.

DEAR SIR,

LET me beg your acceptance of a Tragedy, which I have seen, in a letter of yours to my brother, a generous proof of your partiality to.

It is more than enough, if it can please such men as you. The esteem of the despised I consider as despicable. I am afraid, I should have blushed, with *Phocion*, had the multitude approved of my sentiments. I know the town too well, to wonder at any thing in it, but equity.

I HOPE indignation will cure me of the *cacoethes scribendi*; --- if it does not, and I should ever be so unfortunate, as to be a favourite of the people, I shall be frightened into silence, from apprehension of losing my honesty.

BUT there is one thing, I can never lose; and that is the affection, with which I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

A. HILL.

May 5, 1731.

S I R,

I RETURN you the Tragedy, with the fullest proof I can give you, that I am sincere, when I wish well to your interest.

I AM afraid, I have occasioned you the trouble of writing *new* copies of your Play; but, when you have done so, you will find yourself more strongly touched with the beauty and force of your own sentiments, while, by removing all that was too common, or too calm, the *incidents* are thrown closer together, and the scenes are more *moving* and *passionate*.

SACHARISSA, alone, is a much better name, without the additional title of *Unlawful Love*; which last might seem contrary to the *moral* of your *purpose*, that points at the *punishment* of a criminal passion; not recommends it, as an *Entertainment*.

You will be apt, at your first looking into the Play, to think, I have cut off several *features*, that would have added to its *beauty*. But, you will change that opinion, upon a closer

closer consideration, and feel the strength of your Tragedy increased, by the *loss* of what I have taken from it, much of which had a great deal of merit, but would have made your scenes *languish*, because improperly placed; all reflection, not passionate and active, being too cold for the stage, between characters of distress and agitation.

I COULD have wished, that, in the Cast of your design, for this Tragedy, you had contrived to soften the guilt of *Sacharissa's* consent, by representing her under some pre-engagement of love and promise, to *Bellarid*, and the match between that gentleman, and her sister, the effect of her father's compulsion, upon some motive of interest. The pity, due to her ruin, would have been thought better warranted, by the *prudes* of a *sex*, that can never forgive one another a fall, 'till they perceive *themselves* given to *stumbling*.

UPON the whole, I have taken the most friendly pains, I was able; and wish you, heartily the success, that is due to your merit and application. I am,

Sir, Yours, &c.

A. HILL.

To General FIELDRING, at Jersey.

Guernsey, May, 30, 1737.

S I R,

IT is a common observation, that we pass (a little too naturally) from happiness to misery. The very elements made this my case, when I set sail from you and Jersey. No breath of air consented to my leaving you, the winds forsaking me, as a punishment, and condemned me, two whole days, to such a suffocating calm, as would have been enough to stagnate thought and memory, in any mind, unagitated by your image.

SHALL I confess, that this long passage frights me from returning? and, that since England may be reached, in as short a time as Jersey, my natural aversion to the sea determines me, from where you are, to where you ought to be; because there are pursuits deserving your attention.

MEAN while, if such a situation, as your health, or wish, makes choice of, contributes rest and pleasure, in exchange for splendor

and

and *ambition*, it may be, after all, a counterpoize, that merits a wise man's election. For, I question, whether those enjoyments, we are flattered with such hopes of, in the last, can recompence (where Reason holds the scale) our certain loss, in giving up the former.

FOR me, though I seem going from you, it is still some comfort, to perceive I do not really leave you. I am carrying you away with me, in your *inward* and *spiritual* grace, though the *outward* and *visible* form has forsaken me.

ENJOY, in your fortune, every blessing you would wish for a friend. *Possess*, in your person, every gayety, you would taste, in a mistress.---*Have*, in fine, whatever you *desire*; or *desire* only what you *have*; and please to reckon, in the list of your most obliged and faithful servants,

A. HILL.

The End of the First Volume.

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poise, that merits a wife man's election;
For, I question, whether those enjoyments,
we are flattered with such hopes of, in the
last, can recompence (where Reason holds
the scale) our certain loss, in giving up the
former.

For me, though I am going from you,
it is still some comfort, that I do not
really leave you, and you away
with me, in your usual grace,
though the end of my journey has for-
taken me.

Enjoy, in your fortune, every blessing
you would wish for a friend. Possess, in
your person, every gaiety, you would taste,
in a mistress. -- Have, in fine, whatever you
desire; or desire only what you have; and
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liged and faithful servants,

A. Hill.